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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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## NEW YORK'S INSULAR VIEWPOINT

WITH mixed feelings we read that "Mr. Taft looms large as a candidate for President in 1912." He may "loom large" physically, but as a political giant we must admit the force of the figure does not strike us in the manner intended. There is no doubt that Mr. Taft at this time is determined to let his name go before the next national Republican convention for action, but he may change his mind before the year is many months older. Whether Colonel Roosevelt is for or against his candidacy for a second term cuts little ice. The question is, Can he win if he is placed at the head of the Republican ticket?

Frankly, we believe he cannot. Mr. Taft has demonstrated on numerous occasions that as a leader of his party he is found wanting. As a subordinate, acting under orders, there is none better, but thrown on his own resources he is a grievous disappointment. This we believe to be the opinion held by the majority of the rank-and-file Republicans in the country, and their opinion as it will be expressed in the polling booths is what the leaders must consider, if victory is desired. With Taft as the nominee of the party next year, certain defeat is in sight.

It is folly to declare, as Lloyd C. Griscom, Collector Loeb and Otto T. Bannard have done, in a personal interview with the President, that he is the only man on whom the people can unite. What do these New Yorkers know about the remainder of the country? They move in a blind circle, thoroughly convinced that what New York wants the people at large also eagerly desire. Nothing is further from the truth. Outside of New York nobody was astonished at the result of the elections last November; only the self-satisfied, purblind New Yorkers were dumbfounded at the verdict.

Justice Hughes, as we have previously argued, would be immeasurably more popular before the people than Taft. In the middle west and far west he would capture more than the normal Re-

publican vote. Could Taft do likewise? Let the recent elections answer. That rebuke to the party was as much a personal rebuke to the occupant of the White House as it was a rap at the thick-and-thin revision of the tariff his platform tentatively promised but did not perform. For his share in this betrayal of the consumers he must pay the price and that is, a repudiation in 1912, if the nominating convention is foolish enough to accept him. We believe the west will prevent so unwise a procedure.

## LOOK TO THE DRAINS

HERE is another case of a rich "financial operator," whose operations closed the Bank of Northern New York, and whose physicians attest his irresponsibility under the criminal law on the ground of paranoia. His name is Joseph G. Robin, his "operations" were large and showy. He goes to the sanitarium instead of the penitentiary. Had he been a poor man and stolen a pair of shoes for his barefoot child, his only physician would have been a policeman who knows no difference between paranoia and paresis, and his sanitarium would have been a steel cell.

But let us reason further. Let us lay aside anger, envy, hatred and all that. These will solve nothing, and because we have been dealing in just these blinding emotions instead of in calm reason and warm human sympathy are we at the present pass, where the rich thief has paranoia and goes to a sanitarium while the poor thief has a policeman's club and goes to the penitentiary. Hate and anger have availed us nothing. Let us look at it from another angle.

Doubtless, this rich speculator has just that bug which his physician diagnoses, paranoia, which means chronic mental instability and is at times called "monomania, or dementia with illusions." Men who steal have something like that the matter with them usually, or it may be that far deadlier malady, the fear of poverty. Suppose we forget that this man is rich and let him go to the sanitarium, where he will receive kindly treatment and maybe human sympathy, through which he may be cured. The district attorney, with an eye on his chances for further favors from the ballot box, is trying to have Robin indicted "just like a poor man." But that is all wrong, and of no avail. To degrade a rich man will not help the poor man. That procedure adds to the sum total of human degradation and misery.

Let this man go to the asylum, and then let us use all the energies we might have wasted in hate and anger to demand the same treatment for the poor man. All the prisons in America could quickly be converted into asylums and hospitals, if the people unitedly demanded it. And even the great cause of all crime, poverty, could be wiped off the slate of social life, if the people unitedly demanded it. That is a long and tortuous way to get reform or revolution. Yes, but it is the only sure way. It is the only way of human progress. Nor may the way be so long and toilsome, once we can lay aside the primitive emotions of anger and hate. By them we waste every year enough energy peacefully and calmly to overturn the whole scheme of modern life and rebuild it on the sane and reasonable basis of the golden rule.

Mr. Robin is a patient and not a criminal. Let it go at that, and then insist that every other "thief" is a patient and not a criminal. The fact that a man steals is proof positive of his abnormality. A strongly-brained, normal man will not steal in any decent sort of circumstances. He will find another way. All those who are not strong-brained and normal are pathological cases. They need the asylum and not stripes. Though vengeance and punishment are, disease is not, a matter of wealth or poverty. The rich who steal are as surely unsound as the poor. All of which

is by no means an argument for the rich—far from it. It is an argument for the abolition of the whole revengeful scheme of human degradation. It is a plea for the abolition of the entire prison system.

It is all wrong. Society is nursing a huge cancer at its heart in maintaining prisons and the penal code. "Crime" is pathological. The physician and not the judge is needed to deal with it. The physician is a wiser man than the lawyer. He can be relied upon, once he is called in to diagnose "crime," not to find his remedies in the books of the dead, but to feel the patient's pulse, and—this is the important thing—"look to the drains."

## WHY SPALDING SHOULD BE CHOSEN

WITH the organization of both houses of the legislature and the apportionment of "patronage"—with which latter the public has no concern—interest now centers in the senatorial problem, Who shall succeed Mr. Flint? The people, by a diversified vote in a majority of districts—73 to 40—have declared for Mr. Albert G. Spalding of San Diego, and if the primary law is to be given proper consideration, that excellent gentleman will be the choice of the Republican members of the legislature, now in session at Sacramento.

Mr. Lissner and his immediate associates have made it plain that they intend to do all in their power to defeat the advisory vote and override the law's specific declaration. In other words, since their candidate was not indorsed in the manner defined by the primary law as necessary for a choice, they will ignore that statute and by playing politics force their rejected candidate upon the legislature. In this effort, possibly, they may succeed, but as we have said before, it is a dangerous game. No matter how they may attempt to justify their conduct, the ugly truth will obtrude that the controlling faction of the Republican party in the state is only willing to follow the mandate of the people when such mandate coincides with the views of the present leaders. No amount of sophistical argument or hair-splitting phraseology can dodge this fact.

If Mr. Spalding were a man of malodorous reputation, of notoriously unfit propensities, there would be good excuse for attempting to evade the letter of the law. But the opposite is true of this admirable candidate before the people for senatorial honors. Of unblemished reputation, spotless integrity, lofty aspirations, almost Quixotic, in fact, and possessed of a fine business mind, eminently calculated to wrest for his constituents those congressional concessions rightly due to the people of California, he will pursue, in the senate chamber, in case he is sent there, the same upright and astute tactics that have won for him large emolument, without losing in the slightest degree the confidence and respect of his business associates. He may not be so grandiose a speaker as Judge Works, but in committee meetings, in tactfulness, in all the practical attributes that make a United States senator of value to his constituency, Mr. Spalding is a peer among men and a representative of whom California need never feel ashamed.

This is written, con amore, and is the reflex of an opinion that has been years in the forming. Mr. Spalding's old home town of Byron, Ill., on dear old Rock river, is within a few miles of the county seat of Ogle county, whence, as a small lad, the editor of The Graphic was wont to skate up the river to the Spalding village, and in all the years since then the career of the estimable San Diego gentleman has been a source of pride and gratification to the writer. Honest, honorable, far-seeing; of fine mental poise; having an abundance of native energy, combined with great tact, we consider him to be ideally fitted for the



position that is his if the advisory primary law is faithfully followed.

We can assure those members of the legislature, not privileged to know Mr. Spalding personally, that no mistake will be made by voting in accordance with the expressed wishes of the majority districts. We urge upon them a strict adherence to the letter of the law, a deviation from which at this crucial time will be sure to result disastrously to the non-compliant individual and to the cause of good government generally. Explanation of conduct at a later date will be futile, if the will of the people is ignored to satisfy dictation.

#### FOLLOWING CUSTOMARY TACTICS

**I**F this nation is unable to nag and bullyrag Japan into a hostile attitude, it will not be the fault of its shivering, fear-stricken army and navy heroes; nor of that clique of financial interests which is anxious to sacrifice a few thousand lives (but not their own) in order to boom stocks and promote their schemes. It is a dull day for the yellow press when it cannot find an excuse for a "scare head" on a Japanese war scare, and the dull days have not been numerous recently.

Our latest "sensation" from the seat of war-fear is a "dispatch" from Manila, under the heading, "Japan Plots to Mine Manila Bay." Reading the dubiously worded "dispatch," we find that although General Duvall has said that his wanton and unauthorized search of Japanese houses and stores at Manila did not result in finding hidden arms and ammunition or anything else of a contraband description, yet it is believed that papers were seized "showing beyond a doubt that Japanese spies are fully informed of the harbor and all its fortifications," so they would know just where to place mines to blow up the American fleet. Such kind of "startling news" is an insult to the intelligent American reader, who well knows that every civilized nation in the world that can afford the expense employs a large corps of spies, secret service men and women, and army and navy attaches to spy on every other nation.

This is one of the gigantic shames of Christian civilization, the fact that it is maintained by a vast system of international espionage. Of course, Japan has maps and drawings of all our harbors and fortifications, and so has England, Germany, Brazil, France, Russia, Spain, Italy, and doubtless lesser nations, and so have we maps and drawings of all their harbors and fortifications. Being a large, boyish, bullyragging nation, we have full secret data, not only of the big powers, but of all the lesser powers. There is not a South American government of the most insignificant importance whose defense and war "secrets" are not all duly recorded in the secret service archives at Washington. Even if this "dispatch" from Manila is true, there is not an iota of news in it to any one who knows the ways of governments.

If Duvall's unauthorized insult to the Japanese merchants and residents of Manila did not, as his report affirms, disclose any evidence against the Japanese, still it is a safe and sure bet that Japan has all the information she needs about Manila harbor, and Saucelito, just as we have full data of every Japanese port and city. The army and navy officials at San Francisco used to talk in stage whispers and make a theatrical secret of the big guns on the Marin coast, so that a newspaper man would have to unravel many yards of red tape in order formally to visit them. Yet they were actually out in the open country, where anybody could walk overland and view them. It is so with all harbor fortifications. The pretense of keeping them secret is only a part of the cheap melodramatic tactics of war. The fortification of every harbor is an open book to anyone who can hire a launch or a rowboat for a pleasant day's outing.

But, as a rule, that is not the way information is obtained. The international spy practice is to secure duplicate drawings of the originals at army and navy headquarters. When your Uncle Sam thinks he needs a new set of drawings of the defenses at Tokio, for instance, he does not send a draughtsman over there with a pad of paper and a lead pencil. That would be too easy and cheap; far too frank and honest a way. O, no; your

Uncle Sam sends for his noble secret service men, and in due time, with the maximum of secret expense, copies of the official Japanese drawings arrive safely at Washington, and the war and navy heroes draw a long sigh of relief; a great burden of fear is lifted from their gold-bespangled shoulders, and they go off and open another bottle of champagne.

It is well to let bygones be bygones, and no generation is wise to judge of its preceding generation. Doubtless, our forefathers were brave and daring men, who often fought nobly and well. Let it go at that. Now, it is different. Mankind is outgrowing his melodrama days and getting down to "brass tacks" in his business of life. He knows that war is neither noble nor necessary. It is all a big commercial swindle, and when not that it is bombastic theatricism.

#### O. HENRY KNEW PRISON LIFE

**N**OT with horror or shame, but with a feeling of closer kinship with him, should the world greet the disclosure that O. Henry was an ex-convict. Whoever is better and holier than an ex-convict, whose clay is finer, whose soul is whiter, who feels himself more a part of deity than an ex-convict, let him cast the stone at the memory of William Sidney Porter, whose peculiar and delightful tales, always with a touch in them of something more than art, made the name of "O. Henry" loved and famous throughout Christendom.

It had been ghoulishly hinted by the yellow press that a "dark spot" existed in the too-brief life of this strongly individualized, impressionistic limner of the modern world. So then, his friend, Tubman Hedrick, the cartoonist, who worked with Porter on the Houston Post, in the two years elapsing between his indictment and his conviction, and who "learned to love and admire the genial, kindly, brave man who wrought marvelously well at his trade of funmaking in spite of the dreadful charge that was hanging over him," frankly tells the tale of Porter's conviction and sentence. It is printed in the Christmas Mirror (St. Louis) and is among the most important of the Mirror's many literary achievements. Yes, O. Henry lived in a convict's cell for three years, and was doubtless "guilty" of the charge upon which he was convicted. He was paying and receiving teller of the First National Bank of Austin, Texas, in 1894. The year before he had started a little publication of his own. Lacking the commercial talent to coin into dollars the praise which this literary venture was accorded, he became involved financially, and it was said he took money from the bank which he was unable to repay. O, yes, he was guilty. But they who are not guilty, let them forgive his guilt, if they can. His wife died, of a broken heart, it is said. Subsequently, the bank failed and depositors lost, but that, of course, is another story. The Porter defalcation of less than \$5,000 is not to be classed with these fiduciary transactions involving millions.

In prison, Porter had time to write, the first time in his life, unhampered by the threatening shadow of the gaunt wolf. Society was good to Porter, in its own way; better than it meant to be, and better than it was to the men who afterward wrecked the bank. Porter had a daemon in him that demanded expression. It happened to be a literary daemon, which, to gain expression, needs seclusion and quiet hours free of the ominous shadow. And Porter didn't happen to be born with an income. Why should men be obsessed with literary daemons and have no incomes? Something wrong with God, answers the smug philosophy which chortles over the beautiful Christian civilization and holds it to be the best ever. Something wrong with man's scheme of social life, say those who have more faith in God and less in Christianity. It was always so and it cannot be helped, say those who uphold "existing conditions." It was not always so, and it must be changed, answer those whose interest lies more with humanity than with "existing conditions."

Well, Porter gained his freedom, in a prison cell, and used it to good advantage. When he came out he had good work under his arm. He had "found himself," as his friend writes, and

soon the world began to laugh and weep at the delectable creations of this ex-convict. Under other than "existing conditions" Porter might have "found himself" in another way than by being locked in a steel cell and dressed in stripes for three years and his wife dying of "disgrace."

#### BACK TO HIS FIRST LOVE

**S**O THE Harrison Fisher girl is to grow larger—but not lovelier. She is to have a "slashing jaw," with hair in masses instead of fluffy. She is to lose her "goo-goo" eyes, be "divinely tall," and resemble Diana more than Psyche. Harrison Fisher has been on a visit to his boyhood home in California. He looked for a "new type," so he said, and found it. Miss Rasmussen, of Irish and Danish descent, leaves her home in San Francisco to become a model for the "new Fisher girl." But they who remember Harrison Fisher in the San Francisco nineties know that this adventure does not take the artist into new fields, it merely returns him to his first love. Whereat one wonders. Is Fisher losing his own embonpoint? When he was a tall, strongly-framed, but sparsely filled-out youth on the San Francisco Call, just after his high school days, he fell in love with the Greek woman, the Diana type. Under his magic pen she was very beautiful, but not at all ethereal or delicate. She could row and swim and climb the sand dunes for early poppies. Her hair was in masses and of many colors save auburn. Her eyes were blue or brown or hazel, but wide open. Harrison was a fine fellow and a true friend, probably he is yet. He had catholic taste in femininity—on cardboard—but his girls had strength and vigor. He was young and loved his art more than sport. Then he went to New York and became famous in two or three years. He also became—well, not obese, but certainly he took on flesh. That ample frame filled out, and, behold! the Fisher girl grew thin and delicate. The change was slow. As Harrison took on flesh the Fisher girl lost flesh. His friends marvelled. Was he vampirizing his own creations? The Fisher girl was always lovely, thick or thin. Her hair was always tantalizing, whether in masses or fluffy, but of recent years it has been getting still fluffier. But now the fluffs are to become masses, the drooping or mischievous eyes are to open frankly, but nonetheless luringly, no doubt. And Fisher's friends wonder, all who have not seen him since the old days, and ask, Is he giving back his flesh to the creature he robbed? When he first went to New York it was hoped he would paint and draw the California girl, but he didn't. Has he repented, and are we to have the California girl at last? We shall soon see.

#### PROBLEM FOR PENOLOGISTS

**H**ERE are three bright, hardworking, brave, clever and daring boys, who stole several hundred dollars' worth of electrical appliances, not to sell and enrich themselves with the proceeds, but to gain practical knowledge of electrical mechanism. The oldest is but fifteen, and he confessed to the police that he has always been "perfectly dippy" about electrical machinery. The youngest of his accomplices is thirteen. The boys had the things hidden in a common workroom, where they toiled early and late, when they could steal away from other duties and when not busy in burglarizing stores to get the tools and material. They tearfully but freely surrendered everything when the police discovered them and were taken to the detention home and held there for trial in the juvenile court!

Luckily, they probably will not go to prison, but to a reformatory school. The great state of California is going to punish them. Why? Who can answer, save by the word, revenge? They cannot be "punished" without being degraded, even though they escape the penitentiary, for the essence of punishment is degradation. Perhaps their degradation, thanks to a slowly awakening public conscience in such matters, will not be so severe as to blast their self-respect entirely and distort their moral instincts, perhaps. It may be said that the penal code is provided to protect property instead of to wreak revenge. Very well. But if these boys are degraded and graduated



into professional burglars and thieves, will property thereby be safer?

If the great state of California were to lay its hand in kindness on the shoulders of these lads and say to them, "Boys, you have done well in a sense. You have shown your aptitude for a great profession. You have proved yourselves daring and unconventional, as all boys should be, and you are not afraid to work. But, now, on the quiet, boys, your method of getting those tools was improper. However, that is unimportant now. The main thing is to give you the tools honestly. Come up the street a space and we will introduce you to a competent electrician, who will let you work to your hearts' content. He will give you all the tools you want and show you how to use them. We are looking for boys like you who mean business, and, say, now, if things go wrong with you at any time, and you want help or need a real friend, just ring up the state of California. O, penniless, are you? Well, here is a dollar for each of you, and when that is gone remember there is more in the state treasury. But you will be earning a bit for yourselves before the week is out, and that will be better. Well, here we are at the factory, boys. Good luck. Be on the square, now, kiddies; cut out that yellow streak of lifting other people's tools. Nothing to it. Glad to have met you. Goodbye. Don't forget our 'phone number."

Would property be safer, if California could talk to her poor boys like that, or would it be encouraging them to greater trespasses against the law? Answer, ye penologists.

#### GRAPHITES

With sincere regret we note the discontinuance of the San Francisco California Weekly, which Mr. A. J. Pillsbury, its editor-manager, has elected to term an "ill-starred venture." It had been fondly hoped, by those primarily interested in the publication, to establish on this coast a second Collier's Weekly, if not of national circulation and influence, at least of state consumption and following, but the scope of the paper from the outset forbade the consummation of such a wish. Of rather limited viewpoint, moving in a narrow field, the weekly was foredoomed to failure as a paper of general circulation, and this is not to decry in any particular its chosen line of endeavor. Its editorials, if occasionally inconsistent, were reflective of great sincerity of purpose, and its political notes were diffuse and entertaining, but, of course, strictly biased. It was a healthy bias, however, in favor of high moral principles, generally worthy measures and good men, but all that, alas, does not make for big circulation, rather the reverse. Unfortunately, "Inability to secure a living advertising patronage in San Francisco" is announced as an all-sufficient reason for ceasing publication. Yet this is not surprising. Mr. Pillsbury's paper entered a field in which four well-established weeklies—the Argonaut, News Letter, Town Topics and Wasp contended for patronage. Their diverse policies were more in accord with San Francisco's views, in the main, than the Pillsbury kind, hence sentiment, which must count in establishing a new paper, was not enthusiastically arrayed in behalf of the reform weekly. For months we have noted the struggle against adverse odds and realized how hopeless were the attempt to continue the fight by assessing the stockholders. But the California Weekly, one may safely say, has not lived in vain. It contributed its share in clarifying the political atmosphere and in helping to relax that strangle-hold on state politics which the old organization had maintained for years, to the detriment of the commonwealth. For this and for many sprightly pages of instructive and informing reading matter, we who have followed the California Weekly closely are indebted to Mr. Pillsbury, for whose future fortunes The Graphic has only the kindest wishes.

When it comes to foretelling human events a hundred years ahead, science is as good a guesser as astrology, but no better. That Cornell University professor (Wilcox), who has applied mathematics to the birth rate and decided that by the year 2020 there will be no babies in the United States under five years, would be better employed in casting horoscopes. Mathematics is the proper rule by which to measure the orbit of a comet or weigh a planet, for the planet and the comet are dependable qualities. Professor Wilcox reckons without the possibility that a university professor may devote his talents to discovering how, in a land of plenty, the thousands of babes who now die annually from innutrition may be decently

fed and housed, in which case his calculations might be interfered with by a year or so. Then, too, there are other possibilities.

Immediately after the last presidential election the nucleus of what may become a great national political party was formed in Chattanooga, Tenn., and since then state organizations have been effected in Texas, Tennessee, Colorado, Massachusetts, Georgia and California. It is called the Liberal Party. Its shibboleth is a clean-cut distinction between private and public property, and chiefly its platform insists upon the government ownership of railroads and the state or municipal ownership of public-service corporations. To this is added the initiative, referendum and recall, and the direct election of senators. Charles C. Moore of Atlanta is chairman of the national central committee. If this embryonic national party can commend itself to such men as LaFollette and Folk, and capture the support of radical Democrats and progressive Republicans, there may be something doing by 1912. Political wisecracks all over the nation have prophesied the new party. Is it to be this one?

#### GRAPHICALITIES

In the San Francisco Star of December 24, Judge James G. Maguire—a former congressman—has a lengthy analysis of Representative McLachlan's crazy war speech. It is a complete detailed refutation of the irresponsible utterance that Japan or any nation could land 200,000 men on this coast and hold its inhabitants as prisoners. It is also a good argument against war preparedness in general, and shows the absurdity of all the recent war scares. Being a statesman and a man of reading and general information, Judge Maguire knows and asserts that "Japan's destiny lies in Asia, not America."

Let no one delude himself into the belief that the Mexican revolution is ended. Capital is interested on both sides, and human lives are the pawns, as usual. Already, much valuable treasure has been poured into the revolutionary cause, and not by starving or impoverished patriots, either, as was the case in Japan, when she tackled the Russian Bear. "Great interests" are involved. The revolution has only just started, unless, indeed, President Diaz should conclude a treaty of peace with those interests.

To die at the perihelion of success, as did Aviator Hoxsey, is more tragic to others than to the one thus favored by the gods. All die, and to each in turn death itself is not the great tragedy. Ultimate seeming failure (there is no real failure) is a greater tragedy than any death. A still greater tragedy is to live to see the fruit of success turn to ashes. Fate was kind to Hoxsey. Perhaps she rewarded his daring with her greatest boon.

In one of his anti-Irish speeches, Lord Salisbury thought it unwise "to give democratic institutions to the Hottentots." It proved to be an unwise speech for his political fortunes, but it picturesquely represented the arrogance of imperialistic unthoughtfulness in all Christendom. The Hottentot's retort was, "Leave us alone to choose our own institutions," but the war munition contractors applauded Salisbury so loudly that nobody heard the Hottentot.

So many otherwise ornamental appropriators of the nation's resources still endorse the majestic sentiments of the German emperor and with him hold themselves to be divinely appointed keepers of the people's wealth and morals that one is reminded of the Labouchere's remark about Gladstone: "I don't so much mind him holding a few aces up his sleeve," said "Labby," "but I hate to have him think that God put them there."

Of the 225,000 workmen for the tariff-protected steel corporation, 46,000 have been idle for several months, and 75,000 are to be laid off early in January. That will leave 104,000 workmen and the holders of steel securities still to be protected. The 121,000 idle steel workers need no protection. They have the privilege of finding work elsewhere, if they can.

Perhaps the rich are better than the poor, or as good, but that Washington society "lady," who wears a sable cape worth \$100,000 and the second largest diamond in the world, is not doing much to prove either claim.

"That which man changes not for the better, time, the great innovator, changes for the worse," said Bacon—which the same is respectfully referred for immediate action to the standpatters in both the old parties.

#### FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

POLITICAL interest centers for the time being not in Hiram Johnson, the new governor, but in Meyer Lissner, the new boss. Your shrewd fellow-townsmen are not yet well known here, and his abilities hitherto have been somewhat discounted. But Mr. Lissner already has made it evident that he intends to demonstrate them at Sacramento. They who imagined that the loudly heralded era of reform, upon which California was supposed to have entered, meant the elimination of the political boss and the personally-directed machine are doomed to prompt disappointment. In Sacramento's entire history there never has been a boss more firmly entrenched than Meyer Lissner is today, nor one more determined to drive the legislature in the way he ordains it should go.

"Lissner will put Works over" is the way the wisecracks, both here and in Sacramento, now sum up the senatorial situation. "He hasn't the votes today but will have them as soon as the organization is completed. Lissner himself is the organization. Any senator or assemblyman who bucks against him will have mighty poor pickings this season." So the new boss is no better than the old ones, so far as practical politics goes. The reformed legislators still have hanging over them the hope of reward and the fear of punishment as dispensed by a single individual.

Nevertheless, if Lissner wins with Works, it is destined to be a costly victory for the reformers. A more complete demonstration of the wide difference between the reformer's profession and performance it would be difficult to imagine. The reformers insisted on a direct primary route for the United States senatorship. They got it, although it was not precisely the pattern for which they clamored. There can be no quibble about the provisions of the law under which the senatorial "advisory vote" was taken last August, nor can there be any possible dispute as to the result of that election. Under the explicit terms of the law, the fact that Works received a few hundred more votes than Spalding in the aggregate has nothing whatever to do with the case. The results that counted, according to the plain direction of the law, were that Spalding carried 73 legislative districts against 40½ carried by Works. The Republican senators and assemblymen, if they are to be guided by the primary election at all, must be guided by the primary law, which is that they "are at liberty" to vote either for the candidate endorsed by their own district or for the candidate endorsed by the majority of the districts.

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If Lissner's orders are to be carried out and his plot prevails, the plain and specific provisions of the direct primary law must be deliberately and brazenly violated. It will be an instructive and edifying exhibit of the sincerity of the reform movement in California if the first senator sent to Washington by the direct primary route should be a man whose election has been brought about by the deliberate violation of the provisions of the direct primary law. Lissner may succeed in "putting Works over," but he will do so at the cost of his reputation as a reformer, and he will carry down with him to a political grave a goodly number of his fellow reformers.

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San Francisco saw the old year out with traditional celebration. The vendors of tin horns, cow bells, rattles and other instruments of ear-splitting torture did an enormous business, and it was evident that the manufacturers of confetti and paper streamers have a large and prosperous industry. But San Francisco had had good cause for "letting herself go" in an enthusiastic outburst over the history of 1910. The rebuilding of the city was completed, there has been no industrial disturbance of any consequence, and despite the more or less constant lamentations of the pessimists, the year's business was exceedingly satisfactory. The bank clearings for the year were \$2,320,000,000 against \$1,979,872,570 for 1909.

\* \* \*

Efforts of the enterprising management of the "Queen of the Moulin Rouge" to duplicate its Los Angeles sensation and success were disappointing. The newspapers could not be induced to consider the matter seriously. However, the chief of police attended the opening performance, suppressed one scene, and insisted on more clothing in another. His verdict was that it was a tougher performance than anything to be seen on the Barbary coast. So several thousand Los Angelenos can assure themselves that San Francisco is not actually so wicked as she is painted.

San Francisco, January 4, 1911.

R. H. C.



## SIDELIGHT ON HEARN'S JAPANESE LIFE

ONE of the most interesting, as it is intimate, accounts of the late Lafcadio Hearn's scholastic life in Japan is given by Masujiro Honda, associate editor of the *Oriental Economic Review*, a New York semi-monthly publication devoted to the dissemination of accurate information concerning Japan and her people, in the mid-December number of which his recollections appear. Mr. Honda had known Lafcadio Hearn for thirteen years before the sudden death of the latter took place in Tokyo, and his personal knowledge of the "prose poet of Japan" was gained through the intimacies of the classroom and in the home of the transplanted American. He had his last glimpse of Hearn in 1905, in the professor's rooms of the Waseda University, Tokyo, of which Count Okuma is the founder and president. A few hours after exchanging greetings came the news of his friend's death from heart failure. Writes Mr. Honda:

"Hearn was then lecturing on English literature, after leaving the Imperial University of Tokyo where his term of service had expired. It seemed a great mistake on the part of the college of literature of the Imperial University not to have retained him longer, but apparently there was a misunderstanding on either side. From the time of his arrival in Tokyo, after a brief journalistic career in Kobe, Hearn constantly felt that he was not being fairly treated by the university authorities, for he was given only the native lecturer's stipend, while a foreign employe, even a man much younger in age and in experience, would receive a far larger salary. This came about because Hearn had become a legal son of Japan through marrying a Japanese woman, and assuming her family name of Koizumi. The Japanese regulations are very strict, and everyone in the government service is paid within limits clearly and definitely stated. Hearn soon felt that he had been patient long enough, and proposed to leave the college at the expiration of his term, probably believing that his invaluable service could not well be spared, and that the authorities would find means to increase his salary. On the part of the students and the faculty, however, Hearn's greatness was not sufficiently appreciated. He was supposed to be lecturing on the history of English literature, but it was impossible for a man of his imagination and originality mechanically to follow the dates, names and lives of other and dead writers. All his talks to his classes were of the brocade of English literature woven out of his own loom, and the students' knowledge of the English language and literature was too inadequate for them to derive much inspiration from these wondrous lectures. It was only when they lost him forever that they began to appreciate him by comparison.

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"In these circumstances, Hearn could not but be a more reticent and retiring man than ever. He was seldom seen conversing with his colleagues at Waseda, nor were the students there any more appreciative of his discourse than had been those of the Imperial University. He would not permit strangers to visit his lecture room. It was the sanctum where he communed with his own lonely soul, and he even disliked to receive visitors at home, on the ground that conversation with other people might disturb the delicate thread of his image-weaving. Hearn did have a few real friends, and a few other persons occasionally were able to visit his class-room. Miss E. P. Hughes (of Barry, South Wales), formerly head mistress of the Training College for Women, Cambridge, England, was one of those whose good fortune it was to steal into his class-room at the Tokyo Imperial University. Hearn was then lecturing on the moon as it appears in English and Japanese literature. Miss Hughes would be able to give us a most glowing account of what she heard there and of the brief interview she had with him. Hearn was not a lecturer or professor or really a journalist, but a writer of prose.

"Waseda was not the first place where we were thrown together as colleagues. Thirteen years earlier, that is, in 1892, Hearn came to teach in the Fifth Higher Middle School (preparatory college) at Kumamoto. Appointed to the college half a year earlier than he, and being an intimate friend of its director, Jigoro Kano, the story of how Hearn was placed in this post was revealed to me. Prof. B. H. Chamberlain, who wrote several scholastic works on Japan, and who was one of Hearn's few appreciative friends, recommended him very highly to Mr. Kano, expressing only his fear that the writer's personal appearance might prove a drawback. Mr. Kano simply laughed at the idea of physical ugliness detracting from the value of a professor. The professors' room in this Kumamoto College was a spacious one, with individual desks arranged

along its three walls, and a large table in the middle, on which tobacco trays and a few dictionaries were placed. Hearn and I sat next to each other during the ten-minute recesses and in after-luncheon leisure moments. We Japanese teachers of English used to ask a thousand and one questions from the books we were reading with the students, and I remember very well how Hearn denounced many passages in the *Union Fourth Reader* as utterly vicious English. His Japanese colleagues derived much benefit from his literary attainments, but his pupils in Kumamoto were less advanced in English than those in the universities. It must have been real drudgery for a great genius to teach the rudiments of reading, conversation and the grammatical construction of sentences. The students were not very young in age or in Japanese learning, but their knowledge of English was certainly too insufficient for Hearn to impart anything of his soul to them. One of them, in describing a boat excursion, said, 'Our eight bodies floated down the stream.' Another paraphrased 'Out of sight, out of mind, with the aid of his treacherous lexicon: 'The invisible is insane!'

\* \* \*

"Faithfully and bravely, however, Hearn discharged his duties toward the boys, although the latter, taking advantage of the professor's near-sightedness, or, rather, using their inability to understand him as a salve to their consciences, would pass more time in doing other things in the class-room than in listening to their Occidental master. His students, his colleagues and the life of the whole city with electric lights in Japanese buildings must have tried Hearn sorely, after his first attachment to the simple and quaint ways and people of Matsue, where he began his career in Japan as a teacher of English in a middle school (boys' high school). Appreciating this, his letters from Kumamoto must have a peculiar personal interest to us, and we can sympathetically excuse his frank denunciation of our "half-baked" ideas and innovations. While his Japanese colleagues smoked cigarettes, Hearn used to carry about a tobacco pouch and metal pipe five inches long, as if he were a country squire from a remote corner of Japan. While westernized Japanese delighted in beer and beef, Hearn would go for luncheon to a roadside inn (for the college was in a village outside the city) in front of the college gate, to get a drink of sake and a bite of something, in the company of picturesque carters and pack-horse drivers. At home he kept by his side half a dozen bamboo pipes two or three feet long, and took a few whiffs from each in turn, because he had learned from the Japanese the secret of enjoying cool smoke.

\* \* \*

"It was during his Kumamoto days that Hearn heard something of the spiritual and moral side of jujitsu direct from Director Kano, the founder of its modern system called judo, and also saw something of its daily practice by students in the college gymnasium. When we read his chapter on jujitsu in one of his works and think how defective was his eye-sight and how meager his knowledge of the subject, we cannot but marvel at his power of imagination and idealization, and this is true of everything else he handled. His Japanese wife was not much of an English speaker, and he knew very little of her mother tongue, so that their conjugal happiness was in itself largely a matter of silent appreciation. Fragmentary stories from the Japanese classics, imperfectly told him by his pupils or assistants, were amplified and beautified by his master mind. Not only in things of thought, but also with lines, forms and colors Hearn had a mysterious faculty of second-sight, for his first sight could not have helped him much.

"The English captain of one of the Japanese steamers running between Yokohama and London had once found need for reprimanding the Japanese purser of the ship. Instead of retorting or shedding tears, the purser simply smiled, which naturally offended the blunt British sailor, and as soon as the vessel reached London, the immediate dismissal of this insubordinate employe was demanded at the headquarters of the steamship company. The Japanese manager listened attentively to the complaints, and promised to inquire into the matter at once. Upon the captain's leaving his offices, the manager sent him by post a copy of Hearn's book, in which there is a chapter on the Japanese smile, and in a day or two, the captain wrote polite letters to the manager and purser, inviting them to dinner at his own house, Hearn thus being instrumental in bringing about a better understanding between the English and the Japanese.

"One day while in Kumamoto I asked Hearn how long he was going to stay in Japan. His reply was, 'I will stay as long as there is anything of beauty to find and admire.'

## BERNHARDT'S PERENNIAL YOUTH

NEW YORK again is enraptured with Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Five years ago we felt we had seen her for the last time. If she comes again, we said, she will be old, her power will have vanished and she will not be the same. Yet here she is, vigorous and wonderful as of yore. She seems the spirit of eternal youth. She has defied time. The years that have passed have had no meaning for her. Her genius and her power have always set her apart; we have accepted that for so long that we have ceased to marvel at it, but now we marvel that she has the physical strength to uphold her wonderful spirit. Physically, she has a power of endurance that a woman of thirty might envy. Last winter a young woman, feeling that an emotional role was beyond her strength, asked to have a second appointed to play alternate nights. Bernhardt, more than twice her age, is not only playing every night roles demanding more vigor, but she is playing three and even four matinees. Sixty-seven years she acknowledges, and yet to old men of fifty she can recall days of fire and ardor when they were as young as she is.

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One simply does not think of age in regarding her. A young friend saw her in "Camille" last week for the first time. I envied her, for one can never see Bernhardt for the first time but once. After times may thrill, but the first experience awakens something that has been sleeping in the imagination. "I have seen her," she said, "but I cannot tell you—there ought to be a new word—other people act—she does something, I can't tell what, but it catches me here." She had complained that an emotional actress twenty years younger than Bernhardt looked like the mother of her leading man. I asked her how old she thought Bernhardt was, for her Armand looks like a beautiful boy. "I don't know," she said, "I never thought about her age. She was just the right age for Camille. She was Camille." Old-timers say that she is not so slender as she was, and that her voice is no longer like molten gold. Yet her grace is still beyond that of any other actress, and her voice as it coos and purrs and snarls is more wonderful than any other. Words have been exhausted in describing her voice, but it is beyond description. There has never been a voice like it. One cannot forget it. Beautiful in itself, trained to do exactly what she wishes, it is the servant of its mistress, and as she sends it forth to the topmost point of the furthest balcony to soothe and caress, to stab and prick, we thrill to it. It does not make us cry. It makes us fall down and worship its sheer perfection.

\* \* \*

After all, is not that Bernhardt's charm? I have often wondered just why she is what she is—the greatest actress of our day. It is not that she moves us, we do not always cry when she is pathetic. Is it not rather the artistic satisfaction in perfection? If she moves, she moves so beautifully that one almost catches the breath with the sensuous enjoyment of undulating line; if she makes a sound, it so exactly expresses the emotion that the sheer control and art of it touches the aesthetic sense on the quick and the joy of it is almost a pain. There is never a false note. With absolute comprehension of her art and absolute control of her means of expression, she runs the gamut of human emotion. Rage, fear, hope, joy, weakness, strength, love, despair, simplicity, artfulness, doubt, rapture, spirituality, abandoned passion—nothing is impossible to her and she passes from one mental state to another as easily as she might move from one chair to another. At times it seems as if she were not a woman feeling love or rage or jealousy, but that she were some wonderful materialization of the abstract passion visibly shown us.

\* \* \*

Her amazingly vital power of characterization is forced upon the attention by the wonderfully varied repertoire that she is playing. "Camille," with the pathos of her love, despair and death; "La Sorciere," with her warm-blooded passion and tenseness of emotion; "La Bouffon Jacasse," poetical and youthful; "La Samaritaine," the courtesan passing to spiritual exaltation through the influence of Christ; the gentle Jeanne d'Arc, youthful and bourgeois; the anguish and physical degradation of "Madame X," the weakness and pathos of "L'Aiglon," the jealousy and agony of "Tosca," the rage and passion of "Sappho," and the pure classicism of "Phedre"—any one of these would test the power of an actress if she were not beyond test. That any woman can play such roles ten times in a week and come to the Saturday performance after a matinee as fresh as if she had done nothing, is a marvel; that she does not depend upon long habit and merely repeat



mechanically what must have become like second nature to her, is a greater marvel, but that at this time she should produce a new play seems almost beyond comprehension.

Although "Madame X" was written for her, she played it for the first time at her engagement in Chicago; and "Judah," a new play, she will produce for the first time next week. The only way she can do it is by knowing the science of resting. She does nothing that will take unnecessary strength. She has turned over worrying details to competent assistants, and when she is not playing she lets nerves and muscles rest. She does not make an unnecessary gesture, she does not take an unnecessary step. When she wants physical power it is there in reserve. It has not been frittered away. And the capacity of her reserve seems boundless. There is never a suggestion that she is saving herself. What a scene needs she gives. Long ago, adjectives were exhausted in describing her. There is no need at the present day to say anything more than that the same thrill is there, that her voice is as peculiarly individual as it has always been, and that her face shows as always the same "narrow-eyed play of feature." That roses, applause and bravos are still hers is but the tribute that belongs to her as a right. She seems immortal, yet one day her beauty and her power will live only in memory. That they can pass seems terrible. But we have them now; let us strengthen our memories and enjoy them while we may.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, January 2, 1911.

#### New Poem by Charles F. Lummis

In the January number of the Ladies' Home Journal appeared a poem by Charles F. Lummis of this city, entitled "Page One: A Leaf From Life." Its style is so individualistic, so characteristic of this virile writer, and withal it is so good poetry, both as to the sentiment and the mechanics, that I am delighted to be able to reproduce it for the edification of such of my readers as are not privileged to see Mr. Bok's monthly publication. It is as follows:

"Memory? What is it?"

How should I know,  
Who cannot say if yesterday  
Was so or so?  
Yet night by night there visit,  
Behind mine eyes,  
Such Presences that live again,  
Lost scenes and faces, but so plain  
I wonder which is true, which lies—  
Now, or so long ago.

Life is come ripe with me—  
Filled with Being and Doing,  
Out in the Open and free.  
I have taken my Heart's Desire,  
I have met what any dares,  
Have lost in the very winning  
And won from a lost beginning;  
Played with—and tamed—the fire.  
Brown sponsors call me "Man-Who-Cares,"  
But not for fret of what might be;  
Life is too short for ruing.

From the Andes' head to the desert's heel,  
Every level of life and land—  
All have been glad to teach,  
I have been quickened to feel;  
Joyed and suffered and learned by each—  
Learned from pain and the Face of Death,  
Learned by the lives I have given breath;  
Taught my Sorrows to lick my hand,  
My Pleasure to know the rein.

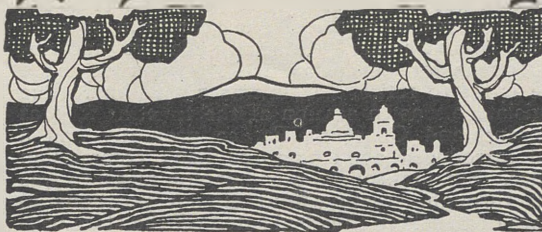
They all are somewhere in my book  
Unpaged, unindexed and forgot;  
Yet now and then some consciousness  
Of fluttering leaves awakes my look  
And there are pictures long ago,  
The years that were and now are not;  
A day when Some One whispered "Yes!"  
And the day my boy Went On.

But clearest, dearest of them all,  
And oftenest that I know,  
The old parlor there across the hall,  
And Gran'ma's faltering little call!  
"Your Mamma asks for you"—  
New England fifty years ago,  
And I just turned of two.

White shutters by the whiter bed,  
And a whitest face therein;  
A strong man pacing still and dread,  
And the tall clock ticking, ticking slow,  
Where little boys must never go;  
But now they led me in.

Thin fingers, like as petals, cling  
Cold to a baby's cheeks;  
Big eyes so deep I cannot see  
Till stars come up in them for me;  
The shadow of a breath that speaks:  
"God keep my little boy!" And then  
Slow lids—and—Nothing.  
And they led me out again.

## By the Way



#### Sunsetters' Unique Celebration

No more unique celebration ever was held in Los Angeles, and in few other cities in the country, than that indulged in by the Sunset Club last Friday night at the Christmas jinks of that admirable, if exclusive, organization. It was an Oriental evening, with the guest of honor Member Willis H. Booth, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific coast, just returned from an important mission to China. His address, following capital talks, scintillant with wit and humor by Prof. J. A. B. Scherer, Col. W. H. Holabird, Otheman Stevens, Fred Alles and Frank King, was of a most informing and entertaining nature, demonstrating the close observation Mr. Booth has given to Oriental affairs, particularly Chinese. The big banquet room at Levy's was elaborately decorated with costly and unusual silk banners, Oriental bric-a-brac, curious lanterns and other Chinese and Japanese works of art. Every member was attired in a flowing and flowery Japanese garment with President James Slauson in a rich Shogun costume and a mandarin's cap, Willis H. Booth and Fred Alles being similarly arrayed. To Mr. Slauson and his fellow officials, Messrs. Alles and Vetter, the success and novelty of the affair were mainly due. A feature of the evening was the parade of the servants in costume, thrice around the banquet hall, the chief cook leading, followed by two retainers in red hunting coats, bearing aloft the boar's head, highly garlanded. Plum pudding in "snapdragon" flames also moved in the procession, carried by two "cadets" in short clothes and large white turn-down collars. After the third passage round, the Sunsetters rose solemnly and marched in column of twos thrice around the hall singing original songs written for the occasion. Here is one of them:

My name Ah Booth  
And I come from China.  
Me likee Sunsetters,  
They likee me.  
Out in Hong Kong  
Melican man come along,  
Coaxee allee tlade  
From the poor Chinee.

No gottee check book, no gottee money,  
Spende allee same on the Melican man;  
Diney him and winey him;  
Evly place in China him  
Dlinkee up and eatee evly bit he can.

Allee timee shoutee,  
Talkee much aboutee  
Allee samee nicee  
Californy place;  
When he go to sleepee  
Still he talk a heapee,  
How he gettee chopstick  
Feedee angel face.

Me sabe angel, me sabe Levy,  
Me sabe Sunsetters' Chlistmas jinks;  
Muche gladee able  
Sitee here at table,  
Washee downee stlomach with the Chlistmas dlinks.

#### San Francisco "Bit" Also

Would you believe it, the San Francisco police department fell for the "Moulin Rouge Queen" advertisement of two weeks ago, precisely as did our local Reubens! The show gave its first performance in the northern metropolis Monday night, and, as was the case here, the canny management sent word in advance asking Chief Seymour to view the opening stunts, with the girly union suits and all the other folderols. Seymour bit as readily as did the late Chief Galloway, and as promptly the head of San Francisco's police department objected to several of the specialties. Immediately, the management insisted in the newspapers next morning that the performance in its entirety would be given, regardless of consequences. Naturally, the second night proved a repetition of the first, when the house was packed to the doors. Of course, the alleged "objectionable" features in the show were eliminated, just as was done in Los Angeles. But this was in Mayor P. H. McCarthy's "Paris" of America!

All things considered, there appear to be as many easy marks in the city facing Goat Island and the Golden Gate as are to be found down here, the continued vociferous insistence of certain San Francisco morning papers to the contrary notwithstanding.

#### I. B. Newton's Novel Announcement

With a host of other friends I join in felicitating the well-known wholesale merchant and club member, Isaac B. Newton, upon his marriage last Saturday to Mrs. Winifred Randolph Hunt, one of the most charming of the local society matrons. News of the marriage came as a surprise to their friends, however, and the secret of the nuptials was revealed in a novel manner. Several friends had been invited to attend a theater party at the Burbank last Saturday evening and later went to the Alexandria, where a table had been reserved for the New Year festivities. At the stroke of midnight the big dining room was darkened for a brief space, and in that moment, when the old year slipped quietly out and the new year entered, each guest at the table was handed an envelope. Curiosity could not be sated until the rooms were illuminated again and then, when the announcement of the marriage had been read, congratulations and well-wishes were heartily extended. At the table besides Mr. Newton and his bride were the latter's son, Mr. Randolph Hunt; Miss Rowena Newton, daughter of Mr. Newton; Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Cochran, the latter a sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hubbard, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Storrow of Pasadena. The marriage took place Saturday afternoon at the parsonage of Rev. Dr. A. S. Phelps and was witnessed only by the son and daughter of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Newton left later on a short honeymoon trip, and will return to make their home in this city.

#### Gillett's Picturesque Career

Grant G. Gillett, who was indicted this week, on the charge of using the mails to defraud, has had a remarkable career. Prior to coming to Los Angeles, a few years ago, he was a banker in Kansas, where he at one time failed for a large sum in the cattle business. He went to Mexico, and after defeating an attempt to extradite him, on a criminal charge, he returned to the United States after he had acquired a fortune sufficiently large to enable him to pay all of his creditors, dollar for dollar. Since coming here he has made about half a million dollars in oil, although it is doubtful if he has retained much of his speculative winnings. Gillett is described as being generous to a fault, almost, and his story that the looting of the Cleveland Oil Company was accomplished without his knowledge and consent, while he was in New York, is generally believed by those in position to know. Gillett lives in a handsome home in the Westmoreland tract, where he has been in the habit of entertaining his friends on a lavish scale. He organized and promoted several of the best-known oil companies on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

#### Markham's Sterling Worth

Los Angeles soon will have a chance to entertain Charles H. Markham, who has, recently been elected president of the Illinois Central. Mr. Markham is well known here, as only a few years ago he was Southern Pacific agent at Fresno. Later, he was promoted to Portland, thence sent to Texas, finally resigning in order to become affiliated with the Standard Oil Company in a confidential position. He married the sister of former State Senator Fred M. Smith of Los Angeles, and is a property owner here, unless he disposed of his holdings last year. President Markham is still on the sunny side of fifty; he has risen from the ranks by the force of his sterling worth and is a credit to the railroad profession.

#### To Invade Sonora

Members of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who are to visit Sonora at an early day, have been assured of the time of their lives, when they reach the country to the south of us. Col. Bob Ingram, in Hermosillo, is waiting for the invaders, and what he will not supply in the way of entertainment will not be worth anticipating. The capable railroad manager is monarch of all he surveys throughout Sonora, where he has been the Harriman railway representative since he was transferred from Los Angeles about three years ago. More than two hundred Los Angelenos are to take the trip, which is to be much more of a journey than the Chamber of Commerce ever before has programmed for its membership. I hear that as soon as the Panama canal is completed and in operation, about January, 1914, the Chamber of Commerce will charter the finest steamer procurable in order to make an early inspection of



that important enterprise. By the way, with commendable timeliness the passenger department of the Southern Pacific Railway, under the alert and ever-watchful Tom Graham, the assistant general freight and passenger agent, has just issued an illustrated booklet on the west coast, giving an accurate description of that portion of Mexico that will be read with avidity by all persons contemplating the trip southward and others interested in the new country so recently opened to settlement through the pioneer work of the railroad. Application to Secretary Frank Wiggins of the Chamber of Commerce or to Mr. Graham will yield those interested a copy of this well-compiled, meaty publication.

#### Senator Flint to Come Home

Again the rumor has bobbed up to the effect that Senator Flint is preparing to assume the office now held by Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger, soon after March 4, when Frank Flint's six-year term shall have expired. But I am in position to state authoritatively that the senator will not accept the interior department portfolio in any circumstances. He has been absent from Los Angeles nearly a year, and he will be more than glad to return home once more to enter upon the practice of law. I can further state that Secretary Ballinger has no intention of retiring from office. He is determined to stick, at least until the present Alaska coal controversy shall be ended.

#### Lakeview Gusher Gets to Normal

There is, finally, an end to the gushing of the Lakeview oil well which long will be remembered as the biggest thing of its kind in the history of the world. The spouter has produced more than three million barrels of product worth, in the open market, close to a million and a half dollars. It was Los Angeles men who first acquired the land upon which the gusher was found, and who later developed their find. The big well still is doing considerable of a stunt, yielding at this time about three thousand barrels of oil a day, which, prior to the phenomenal Lakeview record, would have been accounted a big thing. I hear that to this time the Lakeview has not returned to its owners a dollar, the oil being in storage, to be marketed, however, at an early day.

#### Oil Disbursement in Sight

Southern California oil companies again are distributing monthly dividends, and the total disbursement from this source is not far from a million dollars a month. Union stockholders have been called into annual conference in this city early next month. The company's regular yearly meeting will be held at Oleum, this state, the latter part of January, and, later, there is usually held an informal meeting here, at which time President Stewart gives an account of his management for the preceding twelve months. Since the previous report, Union has lost about ten dollars a share in market value, despite the fact that the dividend has been increased twenty per cent, as compared with that paid a year ago. Scores of stockholders are wondering why.

#### May Strike Near Home

Unless the United States supreme court overrules the decision of the court below, several Los Angeles corporations may be prosecuted for alleged violation of the Sherman Anti-trust law. In a pamphlet now being circulated from New York, the list of alleged offenders as published includes the Union and the Associated Oil companies, the Pacific Electric, the Los Angeles Railway Company, the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company, the Ventura County Power Company, and the Riverside Water Company. The total capital represented in these several concerns amounts to about \$110,000,000. The supreme court decision that will determine whether or not these companies are law breakers is expected to be rendered within the next thirty days.

#### "Jake" Transue Not Safe Yet

Former Assemblyman "Jake" Transue continues to fall in for a nice easy political berth, no matter whether his own Republican faction is in control or not. He was about to lose his place as state building and loan commissioner, which office he has been adorning for several years, the new state administration not yearning for his assistance, when he resigned on the eve of Governor Johnson's induction into office. Instantly, Governor Gillett, not yet officially a corpse, re-appointed Mr. Transue for another four years. It now looks as if Jake will break even with the new administration unless the reform faction in power decides to declare the Transue position vacant. There is precedent for such action in the case of Dan Kevane, formerly of Los Angeles, in

the early days of the Pardee regime. Kevane had been taken to Sacramento from here as secretary to the state board of examiners by Governor Gage. When his patron was about to drop the cares of government, he was named almost in the last few moments of his four year term as state bank commissioner. Governor Pardee had another man for Kevane's place, but when he asked the latter to retire, Barkis was not willing. The legislature was in session at the time, as it is at present, and Governor Pardee promptly had a bill introduced abolishing the bank commission office. Simultaneously, a companion measure was put through, creating four similar positions in place of the three thus legislated off the state pay-rolls. Both bills going on the statute books, the result was that Dan Kevane lost his meal ticket. I am wondering if Governor Johnson will not pattern by his predecessor's example in this case and in others.

#### "Mike" Shannon a Promising Deputy

Los Angeles has good reason to be proud of one of her native sons, young M. F. Shannon, or "Mike" Shannon, as he is known to so many of his intimates. I noted with interest the appointment of this capable young chap to the office of deputy district attorney under Captain Fredericks, and shall watch his future career with the same interest, for I haven't a bit of doubt that he will be favorably heard from. The new deputy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Shannon of LaSalle avenue. He attended school in Los Angeles, was graduated from St. Vincent's College and later went to the University of Michigan, where he completed the four years' law course in three years, and was graduated in 1909. He was a Sigma Alpha Epsilon man there. Returning to Los Angeles, he became interested in politics in the right civic manner, and though only twenty-two years old now is considered most efficient to fulfill the duties of his new office. Young Mr. Shannon is a member of the Native Sons, the Union League, the Elks and the Billiken clubs.

#### Promotion for Arthur Keetch

After two years of assiduous services as a deputy under Captain Fredericks, the district attorney has rewarded Arthur Keetch by placing him in charge of the department at police headquarters, with increased salary. This is a promotion particularly pleasing to me, since the able young deputy, prior to practicing law in this city, was a valued member of the editorial staff of the lamented Evening News. He has given great satisfaction to his chief since his appointment two years ago, with the result stated.

#### Desmond's Princely Gift a Winner

One of the best advertising campaigns ever noted in this city, which had its inception in the fertile brain of C. C. Desmond, came to a climax Wednesday of this week, when the beautiful \$5,000 1911 Packard Limousine, donated by the successful merchant, passed out of his hands and into those of the lucky new owner's, in the presence of a vast crowd of interested men and women that thronged the big double store at Third and Spring, so that fifteen plainclothes men, in charge of a sergeant, specially detailed by Chief Sebastian, had their hands full in preserving order. But it was a good-natured crowd, and it took its individual disappointment cheerfully, for of course, only one ticket holder could carry off the big prize. That good fortune fell to "Tom" M. Sherman, a clerk in the employ of the Smith-Booth-Usher Company for ten years. He has a wife and three children and owns a small home, which the sale of this regal machine will place far beyond any possible incumbrance limit. No heartier congratulations came from anybody than from the donor of the automobile, Mr. Desmond, who was delighted to know that a man in most moderate circumstances had drawn the prize. It was a simple affair, the numbers being sealed in a big box by the Wells-Fargo people. A bright little girl from among the crowd was selected to make the drawing and after a good shaking of the contents, she pulled out No. 97135, which the well-kept records showed was held by T. M. Sherman of 212 South Los Angeles street. To insure the distribution, a second and third drawing was made, the possible ones being J. E. Fielding and L. G. Wells, but Mr. Sherman quickly responded with his ticket, which settled the matter. The fortunate fellow held just the one ticket. I heard of scores having ten and twelve, and even more, for Mr. Desmond put no limit on his invitation. I am told that the day before Christmas more than 12,000 persons were in the store, 7,384 registered for the automobile, and the sales receipts were in excess of \$15,000. The sales have been phenomenal since the early announcement of the prize. Friends who wondered why Mr. Des-

mond did not present an ordinary \$1,500 machine now admit that his princely gift was the wiser plan. Mr. Sherman can sell the machine for \$4,400 spot cash, I am told, and no doubt will do so. It has been a winning campaign from the start, and I felicitate the big merchant on the success of his daring innovation.

#### Aviation Meet Has its Lesson

I have not heard the figures mentioned, but if the recent aviation meeting was a financial success that happy result is largely attributable to the herculean work of Col. W. M. Garland, chairman of the committee, and his earnest associates. They took hold at a time when the proposed meet was apparently about to be abandoned for this season, as it was thought that the similar events of the previous year had taken off the keen edge that was manifested in the initial affair, which was the first to be held anywhere in the United States, and proved an unprecedented success. In spite, however, of the discouraging indications, Col. Garland and his associates determined to go ahead at this time, purely as a matter of public enterprise. The crowds that responded toward the end of the holidays saved the situation, but it is evident that on future similar occasions there will have to be introduced novel features as drawing cards, aside from the flying. The tragic death of Arch Hoxsey last Saturday robbed the later events of their pleasure-giving qualities, in spite of efforts to make them attractive. Young Hoxsey really was a local product, who had gained an international reputation. He was modest in his deportment, and in Pasadena, where he was well known, he was a great favorite. He had met many famous people in his short international career as an aviator, and among his best-known stunts was his trip in the air last year with Theodore Roosevelt as a passenger. The incident occurred in St. Louis, and it gained for Hoxsey widespread attention. His mother, who has lived in Pasadena for twelve years, is not any too well off, I understand, although Hoxsey's engagements promised to give them a competency before long.

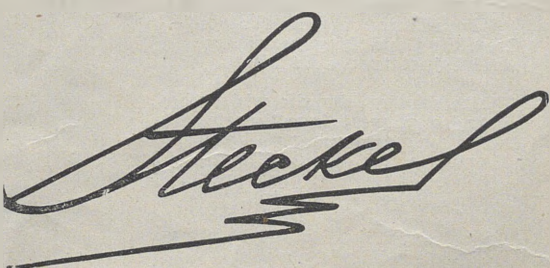
#### Death Ended Projected Partnership

Curious, that the sudden ending of the careers of both Hoxsey and Moissant, within a few hours of each other, in different sections of the United States, should have had a Southern California chapter. Moissant also leaves relatives in Los Angeles, a son, who for the time is studying in San Francisco, having been a visitor at Mt. Lowe when his father met his death. The boy is well spoken of by those who know him, here and in the north, and although he had not seen his father for more than three years prior to the latter's death, the two were on the best of terms, and were in regular correspondence. Like Hoxsey, Moissant had intended to settle in Los Angeles as soon as his fame was established, and the two planned a sort of partnership as instructors in the art of flying, at the same time disposing of machines to emulators of the aviation art. Moissant had arranged for the agency in the United States of the Bleriot monoplane, and Hoxsey would have handled the Wright type of flyer in Southern California.

#### Merger With a Local End

According to gossip from New York financial circles the lately incorporated two hundred million dollar electric light and power merger, in San Francisco Bay territory, soon is to have an added chapter of importance that will be of special local interest. It is now reported that the recently taken over Domestic Gas Company of Los Angeles has been acquired by this same gigantic corporation.

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# Books

One of the most readable books of travel in picturesque colorful Sicily recently is that from the pen of Josephine Tozier, wherein she relates the adventures of "Susan in Sicily." It is epistolary in style, and is decidedly clever, vivacious and highly entertaining. Added to the fact that Susan is an unusually bright and altogether charming and attractive young woman, who is further strengthened by the presence of a wealthy and indulgent aunt, on account of whose health the trip has been made, she has the rare good fortune to make friends in a group of tourists of more than ordinary congeniality and of peculiarly interesting relationships. But for meeting with Mrs. Adams (friend of Susan's Aunt Anne) and her widowed daughter, Mrs. Calverly, in Palermo, it is probable that the curious sights and wondrous beauties of the Tessaera, and certainly the subsequent adventures of the friends in Palermo, would not have been contained in Susan's most interesting letters to her married sister, Betsy, in America—for, while Susan was not of the sort to have a dull time anywhere, she certainly saw everything there was to be seen on that short trip, and comments in refreshingly novel fashion on all she sees and experiences. On the lovely shell tints for which Sicily is famed she comments characteristically:

Each place we visited had its individuality of tone. In Girgenti what the French call a couch of amber covered the landscape. In Syracuse the pink which glorified the gray rocks after sundown, burned itself in to linger through the long hours of the next day. On Etna, and all the coast, so glorified by that great painter nature, the blue, deft description, a veil of dainty azure cliffon spreads over the scene. Here in Palermo the veil is torn away, the clearness, the radiance of the atmosphere in this winter season, make my spirits dance with the blue waves and my senses laugh with the playful clouds.

She describes the gay little donkey carts adorned so bravely with "pre-Raphaelite paintings recording deeds of chivalry on the panels," the laundry-hung streets of Palermo, so characteristic of all the Sicilian towns visited, the feeble, uncertain train service throughout Sicily, the universal seriousness of Sicilians and their intense curiosity which "one learns to expect" and even gives gossip and spicy glimpses of the inner family life, as exemplified in the numerous Gibson family—commonplace details that are far from commonplace and that heighten the vivid coloring of the pictures drawn. And through it all runs an undercurrent of several pretty romances that are almost as interesting as the quaint scenes painted. Messina, which has inspired many a poetic line, is viewed between trains, while Taormina and the delightful "convento" hotel, over which treacherously beautiful Mount Etna broods, the ruins of Syracuse, which echo with the voices of "crowds of ghosts that fairly teem with tragic stories," caused Aunt Anne to say that "she saw enough old stones then to last her for several months." At Palermo the acquaintance with the fair Rosina Gibson and the handsome Conte adds another tender romance of native warmth and color to their novel experiences and gives them their most intimate views of Sicilian life and customs. Peeps at Catania, Mola, Girgenti and numerous small mountain towns, call forth a wealth of sprightly descriptive notes to which Rosina, who became Contessa Bancastelli, has contributed the last view in the gloomy terrors of the earthquake in 1909. But for this sad note it sparkles and gurgles along—a thoroughly delightful travelogue. ("Susan in Sicily." By Josephine Tozier. L. C. Page & Co.)

## War Story for Boys

"With Lyon in Missouri" is a War of the Rebellion story with many threads of real history skillfully woven into it, which are of value to the youth of today, who have been surfeited with college and football stories of late. Byron A. Dunn, having finished his Young Kentuckian series several years ago,

now begins the Young "Missourians" series. His is somewhat of the Alger style, perhaps a little more serious, and with a fine healthy moral tone pervading. The present tale is chiefly about the struggle over Missouri, for and against taking it out of the Union. Being a border state, it was the scene of many conflicts before the Civil War actually began. The stirring events in and around St. Louis; how many border families were divided by the war; the border ruffians; that picturesque character, John Brown; the German commander, Sigel; as well as that noble general, Nathaniel Lyon, who early became a martyr to the cause, are all graphically described. The hero, Lawrence Middleton, after a terrible experience with the border ruffians in his youth, becomes a lieutenant on General Lyon's staff, and follows that hero through his brief, but glorious, campaign, and, of course, is in the limelight throughout the narrative. ("With Lyon in Missouri." By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

## Magazines for January

In Lippincott's, for January, Zona Gale's complete new novelette is given first place. The tale is a capitally-told one of love and romance. Willard D. Eakin, under the title "The Temple of Trouble," writes of the tribulations of congressmen. Short stories, all of entertaining worth, are "The Pledge That Stuck," by George L. Knapp; "The Missionary Hens," by Charlton Lawrence Edholm; "The Bravery of Jules LaSalle," by Nevil G. Henshaw; "Mr. Williams of the Parks," by Thomas Chesworth; "The Bond," by Charles Harvey Raymond, and "Billy's Incantation," by Florence B. Gorham. In the "Ways of the Hour" department are featured "Stomachitis," by Edwin L. Sabin; "Criticism," by Ralph W. Bergengren; "Earn Your Child's Friendship," by Jane Belfield, and "Do Men Lack Culture?" by Joseph M. Rogers. Poems and other contributions complete the issue.

In "The Story of a Political Refugee," by L. Gutierrez de Lara, which is featured in the Pacific Monthly for January, is retailed a personal and comprehensive account of the political exiles from our sister republic, featuring also the part Los Angeles and Los Angeles took in the international intriguing. William Winter writes of "The Newspaper and the Theater," basing his discussion on the newspaper criticisms of plays and players. "The West and the National Capital" is from the pen of John E. Lathrop. Felix Benguiat writes of "The Golden Half of the Silver Moon," while C. E. Rusk continues his article "On the Trail of Dr. Cook," and Henry A. Clock on "The Narrative of a Shanghai Whaler." "The Present and Future of Western Oregon" is treated by Randall R. Howard, and Arthur R. Andre contributes a short story, "On the Park Bench."

William J. Locke, author of the delightful "Septimus" and "Simon the Jester," in the January American begins the first of a series of stories concerning "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol." The story gives promise of sharing equally in the popularity and success of Mr. Locke's earlier efforts. Albert Jay Nock's contribution to the issue is the second of a series of articles under the heading, "The Things That Are Caesar's," featuring this month "The Tribute of the Corporations," and denouncing the personal property tax which makes the same discrimination between the large and small corporations as it does between the rich man and the poor man. Another article of governmental misrule is Ida M. Tarbell's contribution on "A Tariff-Made State." "Drinking in Dry Places" is a paper which gives temperance advocates food for serious thought, if they would mend the loopholes which their most stringent laws leave for the liquor-thirsty. William Allen White's contribution is "The Progressive Hen and the Insurgent

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Ducklings," reviewing the revolution in the nation's government forces. Walter Prichard Eaton writes of "The Neglect of Stage Management." Short stories, biographies of interesting people in the public eye and other entertaining features complete the issue.

First place in the Craftsman for January is given Ivan Narodny's narrative of the late Count Leon Tolstoy, being a sympathetic appreciation of the exile's life and including a conversation which took place between the author and Tolstoy in the clover fields of Yasnaya Polyana. Contributions by the late Count Tolstoy also are featured, namely, "My Views Regarding True and False Science" and "An Exile: A Story." Other special contributions are: "The Value of a Country Education to Every Boy," "New York's Tribute to Mark Twain," "Old English Inns," "John La Farge, the Craftsman," "John La Farge, the Mural Painter," and "Norway's Beating Heart," the latter being a narrative of "Bjornson, the Guardian of His Country."

Winslow Homer, that independent spirit who fostered an individual art of pure, strong Americanism, is the subject of the leading article in Scribner's for January. He was a figure of the reconstruction days in his single-minded, steadfast effort at the expression of truth in his art. Ten illustrations enrich the article. A. Conan Doyle continues his series of historic studies, called "Through the Mists." F. Hopkinson Smith continues "Kennedy Square;" Allen Tupper True tells of the "Trouble-Hunters," the wise men of the Rocky Mountains, those unobtrusive servers of civilization carried to the wilds. Ernest Thompson Seton writes of the land of the caribou. Two articles on sociological subjects complete a varied and interesting number.

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# Music

By Waldo F. Chase

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Balfour gave a successful program the morning of December 30, before the Friday Morning Club, of exclusive operatic music, including excerpts for solo and duet from Bellini, Donizetti, Gounod, Massenet, and the more modern Mascagni, Charpentier and Puccini. Mrs. Balfour, though suffering from a severe hoarseness, sang extremely well, and her hearers felt that no apology was necessary for her work. She has a voice of considerable power, excellent quality and wide range. Her style is better adapted to the modern operatic aria than to the more florid school of Bellini. Mr. Balfour was in excellent form, and sang his several arias with authority and finish. His artistry shows decided gain since we last heard him, and it is evident that he has been putting much thought and study into his work. Mr. Balfour has undoubtedly a brilliant operatic future before him if he elects to pursue that career. In their duets, Mr. and Mrs. Balfour sang with good ensemble, their voices and style harmonizing unusually well. After the "Manon" duet they responded to a hearty encore with a duet from "Boheme." In addition to the program numbers Mr. Balfour gave also the "Donna Mobile" most effectively. Mrs. Gertrude Ross was accompanist for the evening; while she played accurately, she has not the operatic style, and did not always give sufficient support to the singers.

Mr. Harry Clifford Lott announces two programs to be given the evenings of January 26 and February 23. The first will be a miscellaneous program, and the second will be devoted to settings of poems by Rudyard Kipling, including the "Just So" songs. Mrs. Lott will accompany.

Friday, January 13, the third symphony concert will take place. The program will be as follows:

Symphony in D minor, op. 21 (Shubert), More Regal in His Low Estate (Gounod), Prologue to "The Passing of Arthur" (Carl Busch), I Have Lost My Eurycle (Orpheus) (Gluck), Overture "Sakuntala" (Goldmark).

Mme. Gerville-Reache will be the soloist at this concert. Since retiring from her position as leading contralto of the Manhattan Opera Company, she has been in great demand for recitals. Recent press notices from eastern cities are most flattering. Her voice is said to be of intense strength and beauty, and of dramatic quality. Added to much personal charm, Mme. Reache possesses that great essential to the singer, temperament, and a training that fits her for a wide range of interpretative work. Mme. Reache appears also in concert January 17.

Mrs. C. G. Stivers, the well-known local soprano, soon will leave for the east, where she will study, and enjoy the musical advantages of New York and other eastern music centers.

Mr. Charles H. Demarest has accepted the position of organist for the Third Christian Science church.

Victor Herbert's new opera, "Nations," the scene of which is laid in Santa Barbara, soon will be produced by Mr. Dippel in Chicago. The soloists will include Mary Garden in the title role, Lillian Grenville, John McCormack and Mario Sammarco.

Carl Busch, director of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Kansas City, has recently been awarded the prize of \$100 offered by the North Shore Festival Association (Chicago), for a children's cantata. The children's chorus is made a feature of the Evans-ton annual spring festival.

What is undoubtedly a most interesting and valuable collection of music

is accumulating in the library of congress. Established in 1897, this division includes not only a vast quantity of music and musical books, acquired by copyright and purchase, but also many autograph copies of well-known works which have been donated from time to time, among those being MacDowell's "Indian Suite," a gift of the composer. In addition to American works, are also a fine collection of operas, old and new, a complete list of the classics, many historical works, biographies, and about seventy American and foreign reviews. This valuable collection is open to the public, and a piano is provided for the use of those desiring it.

Arthur Nikisch has decided to remain in Germany, and Hans Gregor has been chosen to succeed Felix Weingartner as director of the Royal Opera in Vienna. Gregor is only forty-four, and has latterly been connected with the Berlin Opera Comique, which he founded.

Alfred Hertz, Walter Damrosch, George W. Chadwick and Charles Martin Loeffler, have the onerous task of passing judgment upon twenty-five or thirty operas submitted in competition for the Metropolitan Opera Company's prize for the best American opera by an American composer.

Mr. Josef Hoffman is having a most successful season in this country. He is said to have made remarkable growth in artistic power, playing with a warmth and intensity, a wealth of poetry and imagination little short of wonderful. Mr. Hoffman has been open to criticism on these particular lines, and if, in addition to his well-known intellectual and technical powers, he has attained these others in so great a degree, we may look forward to an unusual pianistic feast when Hoffman visits Los Angeles in the near future.

In the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York city, is being installed a great organ of 101 speaking stops. The builder is Ernest M. Skinner, and it is claimed for the new instrument that it is "the crowning achievement in organ building." This cathedral, by the way, is, when completed, to be one of the most important in the world, ranking fourth in point of size, and of great architectural beauty.

Kneisel String Quartet played recently a new American work, a quartet in A major by Rubin Goldmark. The composition made a very favorable impression. It was with this work that Mr. Goldmark took the Paderewski prize for chamber music a year ago.

Miss Leila S. Holterhoff continues to receive excellent press notices of her concert work in Germany. Her voice is a pure, light soprano, and her education has been so broad that she has a thorough understanding of her work. Miss Holterhoff is a Los Angelen and her success is most gratifying to her many friends here.

Tilly Koenen, the celebrated Dutch contralto, who is to appear here in March, recently gave a song recital in the large hall of the Berlin Philharmonic. This hall has a seating capacity of 2,500, but Miss Koenen's voice was, nevertheless, heard to splendid advantage in a long and comprehensive program. She achieved a tremendous success.

Prof. Elizabeth Waggoner, head of the art department at the Hollywood high school, gave a vespers musicale at her bungalow home on Hillcrest road, near Hollywood, Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Nell Danely Brooker gave a housewarming at her new studio home on Mount Washington, Saturday evening, December 31.

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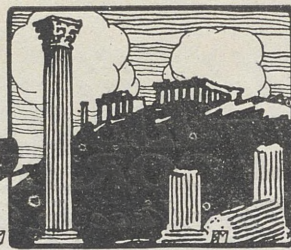
Notice is hereby given that Joseph Szymanski, of Altadena, California, who, on October 14, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10908, Serial No. 03712, for lots 3 and 4 SW. 1-4, NW. 1-4, NW. 1-4, SW. 1-4 Sec. 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of January, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Anton Leuterer, J. H. Goebel, Aug. Schmidt, all of Topanga, California, S. K. Szymanski of Los Angeles, California. FRANK BUREN, Register. Date of first publication, Dec. 10, 1910.





# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

I wonder how many of The Graphic readers can at once enter into a discussion of the art of Matisse or are in a measure prepared to engage in argument either for or against the methods employed by that strange group of men known as Les Fauvres (The Wild Beasts), who have congregated their picturesque studio-dens in a tiny court off the Rue D'Orsel in Paris, and are there creating the most grotesque and altogether absurd school of painting that the world has ever known. No doubt each of us has heard more or less about the Salon des Independents, which was held in Paris in the early fall and which, having nothing to do with the famous annual salon, proved to be a seventh heaven to all the art cranks and poseurs in the French capital who might have waited until the crack of doom for admission into the ranks of the chosen great, had they nothing more than their paintings as a passport.

I feel sure that few realize to what lengths these wild men are carrying their theories or at what a wide angle they are spreading the compass of their influence in the world of art. Unfortunately, the most comprehensive articles upon the subject have appeared only in foreign journals and we of America have been forced to rely upon brief comments written by a newspaper correspondent or friend who is traveling abroad and has noted the furor caused by the public sally of the "Independents," along with other gossip of Paris. We are prone to pass over such brief references lightly, thinking that its source is only of momentary interest—perhaps a student's lark—which, because it never before occurred, never will again. This is far from the truth. The Salon des Independents, which stirred to wrath and indignation the whole art-loving continent of Europe, was a carefully planned and long contemplated event, and, as was intended, it struck a mighty blow at the foundation of the theory that the real and only mission of art is to preach the truth of the beautiful and interpret the secrets of nature for the betterment of mankind.

As students and lovers of art, we have become more or less familiar with the work of the impressionists and have year by year grown in sympathy with the elusive and subtle manner which enters into the renderings of Monet and Manet and characterizes the mystifying art of Childe Hassom and other great impressionist painters. Whatever were Whistler's deficiencies, he came forward at the right moment in the development of art to turn its course into channels of truth and tear down the false standards of sickly sweet beauty which the pre-Raphaelites had set up by which to measure the art of coming ages. To mention the art of Monet in the same breath with that of Matisse would be sacrilege, yet many of the latter's disciples refer to him as a second Manet. Their work is as dissimilar as that of Burn-Jones and Whistler. However, Matisse takes himself seriously (at least he pretends to do so) and so it is impossible completely to ignore him. I am indebted to Joseph Greenbaum, who recently returned from Paris, for a clearer insight as to the conditions which really exist in Paris since the invasion of "The Incoherents" than I could possibly obtain by reading a series of articles. His faithful copies of several of Matisse's best-known canvases make it possible to comment upon the unhealthy quality of his work in a way in which a writer never would dare to do merely upon hearsay or newspaper comment.

There are no limits to the audacity and the ugliness of these canvases. Many of them are nudes resembling pathological charts, hideous old women and abnormal men, their Swastika-like bodies patched with blotches of

virgin red, green and purple, sprawling in lewd positions upon lurid backgrounds, glaring through misshapen eyes and with noses or fingers missing. They defy anatomy, physiology, almost geometry itself. Even poor, hampered, Cezanne, who painted nude women from men models to pamper the whims of his prudish sisters, never was guilty of such crimes as were uncovered at the recent salon. True, Cezanne experimented with pure color, but he never went completely mad. It was Matisse who took the first step into the undiscovered land of the ugly. In the Matisse canvases the drawing is crude past all belief, yet it is said that he once was a fine draughtsman. The color is as atrocious as the subjects. Technique gives way to naivete, and discordant, patchy colors assume the place of subtle tonality. He holds nothing sacred, not even beauty. Perhaps the most complete, as it was the most searching, review of the work of Les Fauvres appeared recently in the Architectural Record, a copy of which Mr. Greenbaum brought to me from Paris, thinking that readers of The Graphic would appreciate a brief review of this timely article written by that most able and excellent writer, Mr. Gelett Burgess, after he had viewed the Salon des Independents and visited the studios of Matisse and the more daring devotees of the new movement. It is impossible to give a complete review of this lengthy and instructive treatise in limited space, yet for the benefit of those who wish to be informed on all subjects of vital interest to the world of art, I have culled the important parts from the Burgess article and present them in brief:

"Entering the Salon des Independents," writes Mr. Burgess, "I heard shrieks of laughter from an adjoining room. I soon came upon a party of educated Parisians in paroxysms of merriment, gazing through weeping eyes at a picture. I caught sight of a group of canvases that made me gasp. I had entered a new world, a universe of ugliness. I have since been mentally standing on my head in the endeavor to get a new point of view on beauty so as to understand and appreciate this new movement in art." The first canvas the critic describes is called "Une Soiree dans le Desert." Of it he says, "This was a fearful initiation. It was a painting of a nude female figure, seated on a stretch of sand, devouring her own knee. The gore dripped into a wineglass. A palm tree and two animated cacti furnish the environment. Two large snakes with target-shaped eyes assisted at the debauch, while two small giraffes hurried away from the scene. The color was indescribable. You must believe that such artists as paint such pictures will dare any discord. They have robbed sunsets and rainbows, hashed them, and hurled them raw and bleeding upon their canvases. There were acres of these ghastly creations. Surely one cannot view such an exhibition calmly. One must inevitably take sides for or against such work. The revolt is too virulent, too frenzied to be ignored." On this subject I shall have more to say later.

Thursday afternoon of last week Heinrich Schneider, the sculptor, tendered a reception to his friends at his Figueroa street studio in honor of Countess Tamara de Swirsky, whose portrait by Piero Tozzi, just finished, was on view.

Edmund H. Osthaus, the new animal painter of New York, is in Los Angeles for the winter, at 1204 Orange street.

Eugene C. Frank, the well-known landscape and genre painter, whose new studio home at Glendale is a dream of beauty, opened his annual exhibition of late work at Blanchard Gallery with a reception Wednesday evening. Wednesday, from 3 to 5, the press critics were royally entertained at the gallery by Mr. and Mrs. Frank.

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# Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Marking the formal debut of her daughter, Miss Lucile Elizabeth Clark, Mrs. Wesley Clark of Hotel Darby entertained yesterday afternoon and evening at the family home in Westmoreland place, with a large and resplendent reception. Eight hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon reception, which was held from 4 until 7 o'clock. The reception rooms were artistically decorated for the occasion with quantities of cut flowers and greenery and in the dining room American Beauty roses formed an effective and beautiful arrangement. Mrs. Clark was assisted in receiving by a large number of her intimate friends among the society women, and a coterie of the younger set assisted also. Miss Clark was most attractive in a gown of light blue soft silk, embroidered in roses and pearl trimmed. Following the afternoon reception, Mrs. Clark and her daughter entertained with a supper for eighty, and, later, dancing was enjoyed. Miss Clark is one of the most attractive of the season's debutantes and her coming out has been made the motif of many informal affairs given by her friends preceding the large event at which she made her formal bow to society. She is a graduate of Marlborough School and was graduated last June from Wellesley College.

One of the prettiest of the affairs given for the formal introduction of one of the season's buds was the tea which Mrs. Arthur F. Morlan of Manhattan place gave Tuesday afternoon for her daughter, Miss Rae Belle Morlan. The house was attractively decorated with flowers and ferns. The hall was arranged in rich red, hundreds of poinsettias being used in the scheme. In the reception room, where the receiving party stood, were masses of pink Killarney roses, combined with smilax and asparagus ferns. The dining room was in pink, Killarney roses and ferns being artistically utilized in the graceful decoration. Miss Morlan wore a gown of white French crepe de chine made over white satin and embroidered in dull French beads and trimmed with swansdown. She carried a shower of Killarney roses. Mrs. Morlan was attired in a rainbow-colored chiffon over rose satin, hand-embroidered in silk and jewels. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Meses. J. Ross Clark, Orra E. Monnette, Walter B. Cline, Philip O. Dilson, Frank Rader, Frank Sherer, E. H. Moore, Leslie C. Brand, Edwin S. Rowley, Thomas Caldwell Ridgway, Willard Stimson, Helen Steckel, M. J. Monnette, W. H. Holliday, Henderson Hayward, Oliver P. Clark; Misses Katherine Stearns, Mildred Burnett, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Sally McFarland, Edna Letts, Gladys Letts, Emma Conroy, Madeline King, Marjorie Utley, May Rhodes, Helen Thresher, Lucile Elizabeth Clark, Alice Cline, Cora Hull, and Mrs. Wilbur Barnes.

Wednesday afternoon at the Ebell Clubhouse, Mrs. W. W. Neuer of South Bonnie Brae street entertained with a brilliant reception and dance in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Ruth Larned, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larned of South Alvarado street, the affair marking the formal debut of Miss Larned. The entire clubhouse was elaborately decorated for the occasion with quantities of cut flowers and greenery. In the reception room white and green prevailed, carnations, roses and ferns being combined. Rustic baskets filled with sweetpeas and ferns were arranged in the refreshment rooms, and the balcony in the auditorium was festooned with bands of gauze ribbon, pink roses and ferns. Baskets of roses, sweetpeas and ferns ornamented the tables. The debutante wore a gown of white crepe meteor over white satin and trimmed with embroidered chiffon and carried a shower of red roses and ferns. Receiving with the hostess and guest of honor were Meses. Frank Larned, Ralph Heath, W. F. Pleas, Charles Cotton, Herman, Henneberger, Warren Cook, Secondi Guasti, William H. Cook, Fred

Johnson, Arthur Letts, Valentine Peyton, Reuben Shettler, Simon Maier, Philip Forve, Sumpter P. Zombro, P. Janss, William Irving Hollingsworth, L. T. Bradford, Harold Braly, W. H. Hutchinson, Leon Shettler; Misses Ruth Douglas of Vancouver, Edna Letts, Gladys Letts, Helen Brant, Gladys Laughlin of Pasadena, Ada Seeley, Pauline Vollmer, Eileen Canfield, Margaret Goodrich, May Rhodes and Mamie Maier. A most entertaining program was presented in the afternoon and in the reception hours Mrs. J. M. Jones rendered music on the harp. A supper dance was given in the evening, to which members of the younger set were invited. Miss Douglas, who was graduated from the National Park Seminary with Miss Larned, is her house guest for six weeks, and the two young women will be largely feted in that time. For Miss Larned, Miss May Rhodes will entertain this afternoon with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. Her guests will include members of the younger set.

Cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Mrs. Winifred Randolph Hunt and Mr. Isaac Burkett Newton, the ceremony having taken place Saturday afternoon, December 31, at the parsonage of Rev. Dr. A. S. Phelps. Miss Rowena Newton, daughter of Mr. Newton, and Mr. Ralph Hunt, son of the bride, were the only witnesses, and in the evening the marriage was announced to a party of friends of the happy couple, whom they had previously invited to a theater party and supper at the Alexandria. Mrs. Newton is one of the prominent society women of the city, while Mr. Newton has long been favorably and prominently known in the local business, club and social circles. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Newton will return to this city to make their home.

Judge and Mrs. Erskine Mayo Ross, who recently moved into their magnificent new home on Wilshire boulevard, will entertain this afternoon with a housewarming. Guests will be received between the hours of 4 and 7 o'clock, and the men are expected to drop in and escort their wives and sweethearts home after the tea. The appointments are to be simple but attractively in keeping with the beautiful home, and the affair will be characterized with the genial hospitality of the host and hostess. A feature of the occasion will be the musical program which will be rendered on the new pipe organ.

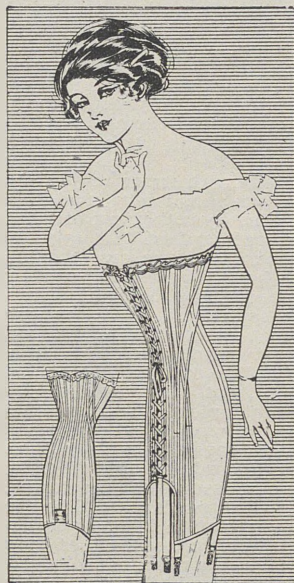
One of the prettiest of the season's society events will be the reception and musical which Mrs. Abner L. Ross and her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Ross, will give this afternoon at their home, 1000 South Alvarado street. The hostesses will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. George L. Crenshaw, Mrs. Alexander MacKeigan, Mrs. L. H. Mitchell, Mrs. Fred Selwin Lang, Mrs. James Burt Stearns, Mrs. L. H. Valentine, Mme. Katherine Fisk, Mrs. Joseph Carlisle Wilson, Mrs. C. A. Boyle and Miss Margaret Goetz. The program will be one of special worth, those taking part including Madame Fisk of New York, Miss Dorothy Chevrier, Miss Margaret Goetz, Miss Leonora Montgomery, Mr. E. Templer Allen, Mr. Fred G. Ellis and Signor Lucchesi. Signor Lucchesi will accompany Miss Chevrier, who will sing one of his new compositions, with flute obligato, and other vocalists will be accompanied by Mrs. Gertrude Ross.

Miss Alice Cline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cline of South Figueroa street, gave a theater party at the Orpheum, Wednesday afternoon, in honor of the Gamma Phi Betas of Stanford who are home for the holidays. Later, tea was served at the Alexandria. Guests were Misses Rae Belle Morlan, Ruth Hutchinson, Edith Englehart, Sue Ross, Hazel Gilbert, Jennie Hart and Edith Hutchinson.

Of particular interest to local society circles is the announcement made by Judge and Mrs. Thomas L. Winder of West Adams street of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Lou Winder, to

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Mr. Lewis H. Allen of this city. The Winders are among the most prominent of the pioneer Los Angeles families and Miss Winder is popular with a large circle of friends. Her fiancé is well and favorably known. Date for the wedding is not named.

Mrs. J. V. Wachtel, Jr., of El Centro, accompanied by her little son, Master Jack Wachtel, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover of Mount Washington, this week.

At a recent luncheon, Mrs. J. B. Beardsley of North Raymond avenue, Pasadena, announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Beardsley, to Mr. Robert Burhans, Jr. Date for the wedding has not been set.

Mrs. W. H. Perry and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, with the latter's daughters, Misses Elizabeth and Florence Wood, will leave today for an eastern trip, including New York

## Hotel Alexandria

Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

Mission Indian Grill is a delightful and unique resort for after-theater parties.

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city, where they will enjoy a part of the opera season. Mr. Modini-Wood will not accompany his family, but plans to go east later and make the return trip with them.

In honor of Miss Rae Belle Morlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morlan, who made her formal debut at an elaborate affair given by her mother this week, Mrs. Orra J. Monnette will entertain with a large party Monday, January 9, at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks of West Adams street, and one of the season's debutantes, is enjoying the gaieties of



social life in Washington, D. C., having gone there recently to pass the holiday with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams Dwight.

One of the most delightful of the parties which the younger set has enjoyed this holiday season was the affair given Monday evening by Mr. Owen H. Churchill, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street, who is home from his studies at Mazatima Hall, Palo Alto, for over Christmas and New Year's. About fifty guests were invited for the occasion and were first entertained with a moving picture show which Tally exhibited on the third floor. Following this original pleasure feature, dancing was indulged in until midnight, when a supper was served. The dance programs were hand-painted affairs, representing the little New Year at the open door. Figure dances were enjoyed, pretty favors being given the participants. The decorations artistically carried out the holiday idea, red and green being the predominating colors. Quantities of red carnations, poinsettias and Christmas bells were effectively used in the arrangement, and the large veranda was under canvas, punch being served there for the dancers. Among the older folk who assisted the young host were Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Pierpont Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. James Eberding of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Burton, Mrs. Walter Lindley, Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Mrs. Edward B. Tufts, Mrs. Johnson of Helena, Mont., the Misses Pearl and Mollie Churchill, and Messrs. James Moore, Jack Tehen and George Chessman.

Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison and her mother, Mrs. William Irving Warner, have returned from the east, where they enjoyed a visit of two or three months in New York and other of the large cities, as well as in their former home city, Salinas, Kan. They are now occupying their home at 966 West Washington, with Mr. Warner, who has returned from his trip to Alaska. New Year's day, Mrs. Hardison and her mother gave a charmingly appointed dinner party for several of their friends. The dining room was decorated with quantities of poinsettias, which were arranged in effective clusters about the room and on the buffet. The lights were shaded with poinsettias of paper and the table was further ornamented with red-shaded candelabra and pretty arrangement of smilax. The place cards for the women were unique affairs brought over from Japan. In opening the folds of paper the guest's name was revealed and then by crushing the place card in the hand, a perfect artificial rose was formed; being set in a spray of pretty buds. For the men, miniature flowerpots, each bearing a tiny rose plant and bud, marked places. Guests included Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Mrs. Altema Wolgamot, Mrs. Florence Groves, Mrs. William John Scholl, Miss Mary Kusian of Riverside, Miss Georgina Whitehouse, Dr. H. C. Bowers, Mr. William M. Clarke, Mr. Freedom K. Groves, Mr. William Irving Warner and Master Holmes Bowers. In the afternoon open house was kept and many other friends dropped in for short calls.

Tuesday, January 10 is the date set for the luncheon which Mr. W. C. Patterson and Mr. Gail B. Johnson will give for the hundred women who contributed \$1,000 each toward paying for the Young Women's Christian Association building. The luncheon will be given at the Hotel Darby, and is in fulfillment of a promise made by the hosts that they would entertain in this manner all the women who gave the mentioned sum toward the cause. Invitations were issued to the event the first of the week and will include in addition to the "\$1,000" women, several other prominent women who have taken an active interest in the work of the Y. W. C. A. and all the Association officers. Those to whom cards have been sent are: Mesdames Gail Borden, H. Lee Borden, E. R. Brainerd, Miss Bettina Brown, Mesdames Harry R. Callender, W. F. Callender, W. J. Chichester, O. H. Churchill, Miss Anna B. Clark, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Miss Frances A. Clarke, Mrs. George I. Cochran, Mrs. W. F. Cronmiller, Miss Flora Cronmiller, Mesdames Edwin T. Earl, D. K. Edwards, Robert Hale, Miss Martha Hathaway, Mrs. John R. Haynes, Mrs. H. W. Hellman, Mrs. W.

J. Hole, Miss Agnes Hole, Mesdames Elizabeth Hollenbeck, F. C. Howes, Gail B. Johnson, Milbank Johnson, O. T. Johnson, Giles Kellogg, Henry Carlton Lee, Hugh Macneil, W. E. McVay, J. M. C. Marble, J. E. Marsh, Robert Marsh, E. J. Marshall, Z. D. Mathuss, H. W. Mills, T. F. Miller, Joseph Mofatt, M. J. Monnette, S. W. Mudd, S. P. Mulford, E. M. Neustadt, J. R. Newberry, Andrew Nichols, William Niles, W. H. Obear, W. C. Patterson, Lee Phillips, A. E. Pomeroy, Joseph D. Radford, A. W. Rhodes, Nicholas E. Rice, Sarah E. Roads, A. S. Robbins, Robert A. Rowan, E. S. Rowley, Mark Sibley Severance, Clara R. Shatto, Mary R. Sinsabaugh, J. S. Slauson, Alfred Solano, George Stimson, E. J. Stanton, Lyman Stewart, Frank R. Strong, Emma A. Summers, Adelaide Tichenor, I. N. Van Nuys, Minerva D. Vermilyea, Kate S. Vosburg, James G. Warren, Miss M. F. Wills, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Mira Hershey, Mesdames W. S. Hook, Arthur Letts, Franklin Booth, Harry Chandler, Walter Fisher, M. L. Bates, A. M. Brown, Melville Johnston, E. B. Reed, A. G. Wells, Charles Lippincott, W. A. Clark, Jr., Joseph K. Clark, Frank A. Dewey, Charles C. Munger, Isaac Milbank, W. S. Benton, Anna S. Averill, H. J. Whitley, P. Janss, E. R. Smith, Miss Grace Barnes, Mrs. H. W. Brodbeck, Dr. Rose Bullard, Mesdames S. D. Burks, G. J. Dalton, C. E. Gallo-way, Jefferson D. Gibbs, E. F. Hill, Homer Laughlin, Jr., William Carey Marble, Leonard Merrill, C. A. Parmelee, L. A. Ross, Spencer K. Smith, G. H. Wadleigh, Robert Wachorn, E. P. Clark, Wesley Clark, Joseph H. Johnson, Hugh K. Walker, William Horace Day, J. Whitcomb Brougher, Charles Edward Locke, Miss Susanne Lynch, Mesdames O. P. Clark, E. C. Bellows, S. S. Salisbury, O. Shepherd Barnum, Berthold Baruch, Mary B. Welch, W. B. Gray.

Mrs. R. H. F. Variel and Mrs. Robert P. Smith have issued cards for a reception to be given Thursday afternoon, January 19, from 3 until 5 o'clock, at the Ebell Clubhouse. The guests of honor will be Mrs. R. H. F. Variel, Jr., and Mrs. Clarence Leroy Variel, the latter formerly Miss Reba Smith.

Mrs. Frank E. Walsh and her daughter, Miss Virginia Walsh, of 403 South Alvarado street, have issued invitations for a luncheon of fifty covers to be given at Hotel Darby, Monday afternoon, January 9, in honor of Misses Jane Rollins, Juliet Borden and Marjorie Utley, three of the season's debutantes.

Miss Juliet Borden, daughter of Mr. Sheldon Borden of South Hope street, will make her formal bow to society at a fashionable tea which her grandmother, Mrs. M. C. Burnett, will give at the family home Wednesday afternoon, January 18.

After a delightful visit here with relatives and friends, Mr. and Mrs. John VanG. Posey have returned to their home in Washington. Mrs. Posey formerly was Miss Belle Coulter.

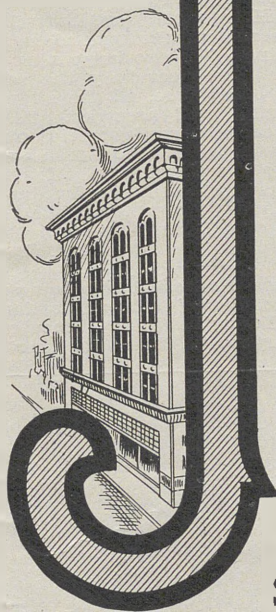
Members of the Kappa Beta chapter of the Gamma Eta Kappa fraternity entertained the visiting delegates to the Beta district conclave at a luncheon at the Arrowhead Hotel, Arrowhead Hot Springs, Friday last. The large luncheon table was beautifully decorated in the fraternity colors, green and white, the fraternity emblem in the center being formed of ferns and white carnations, and at each plate was a large white carnation with an arrowhead stickpin as a souvenir of the occasion. Special music of an appropriate character was rendered during the luncheon. Places were laid for forty.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Monroe of this city were among the recent local guests registering at Hotel Del Monte.

In honor of Miss Florence Wood and Miss Amy Marie Norton, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown entertained Thursday with a theater party at the Orpheum, followed by tea at the Alexandria. Her guests included also Misses Elizabeth Wood, Mildred Burnett, Katherine Banning, Madeline King, Olive Trask, Lucile Clarke, Clarisse Stevens, Jane Rollins, Sally Bonner, Katherine Stearns, Emma Conroy, Sallie McFarland and Fannie Todd Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford of West Adams street entertained with a handsomely appointed dinner at their home Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, the young diplomat who is home from Washington, D. C., for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Mary

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S. Gibson. Mr. Gibson, who was, until recently, assistant secretary of the legation in London, is now assistant to Assistant Secretary of State Wilson. Decorations for the affair were in poinsettias and ferns, and covers were laid for Mrs. Mary S. Gibson, Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, Mrs. M. Reynolds, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Ruth Rivers, Miss Nina Rowland, Mr. Calvin Green, Mr. Douglas Radford and Mr. and Mrs. Radford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra T. Stimson of West Adams street entertained with a theater party at the Majestic last Saturday evening, taking their guests to the Alexandria for supper afterward. Those who enjoyed the occasion in-

cluded Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hatch of New York and the host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance and their daughters, Misses Harriett Crittenden Severance and Marjorie Severance of the Valencio Rancho, near San Bernardino, are guests at the Alexandria for a short stay.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bradshaw of 606 Manhattan place of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Bradshaw, to Mr. C. P. Houghton. The wedding will take place in February.

Invitations have been issued by Mr.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



# Cheaters

Gripping, to the wrenching point, is the great trial scene in "Madame X," which remarkable drama, from the French of Alexander Bisson, is the powerful attraction at the Majestic this week. Viewing this production in its entirety, one is more than ever impressed by the fact that the French regard their emotions seriously and allow them free expression at all times. Anglo-Saxons, to the contrary, strive to suppress them or foolishly pretend they do not exist. It is a banal trait, since nobody is deceived by the palpable effort to smother what cannot be successfully hidden.

Madame X is a woman with a past. Repenting of a foolish love affair, she returns to her husband and her baby boy, only to be thrust out by the former, whose pride will admit of no compromise with the weak sinner. Twenty years elapse, in which time the wife descends lower and lower in the social scale. Her last paramour learns of her early indiscretion and plans to blackmail her husband and bring shame on the head of her boy, whom she has secretly idolized. Rather than have her

respectively; better comedy, revealed through facial expressions and amusing genuflections one seldom sees. Louis Floriot is in the capable hands of Howard Gould, who gives a convincing portrait of the deserted husband and upright judge, suffering from remorse. Edwin Forsberg's Laroque, an adventurer, is a good study, and Stuart Beebe's Victor, the porter, is equally satisfactory. Sweet and natural is the Helene of Miss Luttrell, whose love scene with Raymond is a pretty unfolding. With so large a cast it is surprising how carefully the selections have been made, all the minor characters being well assumed. The great trial scene is a realistic triumph. It is melodrama, of course, but in no sense tawdry or overdrawn. Truly, the French have a keen eye for dramatic effect and O, how they love to harrow their own feelings in expressing their emotions. S. T. C.

"The Conjuror's House" at the Belasco  
George Broadhurst's dramatization of Stewart Edward White's play of the great northwest, "The Conjuror's



IDA ST. LEON, IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS," AT THE MASON

son's career ruined, in a fit of frenzy she kills the unconscionable scamp. Arrested, she gives no sign of her identity, refuses to answer any questions, the one thought of preserving her boy's name from contamination obsessing her throughout the trial. Her own son, a young advocate, without consulting the prisoner, undertakes her defense. It is his maiden effort, and so nobly does he acquit himself that the jury is moved to compassion, the unknown is given her freedom. But the poor woman does not long survive. In a touching scene with her son, whose father, a spectator at the trial, has disclosed his wife's identity, the mother's dying moments are soothed by the caresses of her boy, whose eloquence has saved her from a degrading death.

Mr. Savage has sent an excellent company to interpret this strong play. Adeline Dunlap as Jacqueline, "Madame X," has a difficult role to maintain, but she meets all demands with admirable repression and in the thrilling trial scene is especially intense in her quiet misery. Floriot, her son, is entrusted to Robert Ober. His address to the jury is an extraordinarily well-sustained piece of work, stamping the young man as of much more than ordinary merit. Two capital character parts are essayed by James Cooper and L. J. Loring, as Parissard and Merivel,

House," is this week's offering at the Belasco, and were it not for the excellence of the production, the play itself would seem far better placed at a theater whose ordinary bill is "Hairbreadth Harry" or "Queen of the Highbinders." That it is the work of George Broadhurst seems almost unbelievable, in view of the polished and brilliant products of his pen we have witnessed in this city. It is melodrama of a lurid sort, with near-killings throughout. Graham Stewart, alias Trent, goes into the Hudson Bay country as a free trader, seeking to find the murderer of his father, formerly an employe of the Hudson Bay Company. He is captured by the Indians of Galin Albrecht, factor of the Conjuror's House post, and warned several times to give up his trading. He persists, however, since he suspects that Albrecht is the man who sent his father to death. He presumes too far, and Albrecht condemns him to travel "La Longue Traverse," a road leading through six hundred miles of trackless forest, with but one day's provisions, and without rifle or knife. With the assistance of Albrecht's daughter, whose heart he has won, he makes his escape, and the play ends with the promise of their happiness. One criticism can be applied to nearly every member of the company—their faces are too white, they have not the weather-hardened



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look entailed by the locale. Lewis Stone is a fine figure of a man as Ned Trent, overcoming to a great degree the author's bad drawing, which makes Ned a man of bravado rather than bravery. The Galin Albrecht of William Yerance is excellently done, as is the sour Scotchman of Charles Giblyn. That Richard Barbee is making rapid strides is shown by his conception of the role of Achille Picard, and Lloyd Bacon furthers the good impression he has made, as the stolid Me-en-gan. Unalloyed delight is the whimsical Mrs. Brockton of Adele Farrington, who takes the audience by storm. Eleanor Gordon has small opportunity as Virginia Albrecht, but she offers an appealing picture. The settings are striking examples of Robert Brunton's ability as a scenic artist.

"Traveling Salesman" at the Mason  
There are many things to tickle the risibles in "The Traveling Salesman," which Mark Smith is playing at the Mason Opera House this week, but as a whole it is difficult to see why this comedy should have been deemed worthy a second visit. Smith is fetching in his part of the good-natured, boyish Bob Blake, Diana Huneker is warranted to extract laughter as Mrs. Babbitt, and there is a funny negro waiter played by George De Vere—but the majority of the company would not be accepted in local stock houses. Dallas Tyler, who plays Beth Elliott, is not attractive in the role and does not arouse the sympathy of her audiences. The story of the play is old-fashioned melodrama. Beth owns property which is wanted by the railroad. She has not been able to pay her taxes, and the land is put up for sale. Of course, there is the villain who tries to buy it so that he may resell to the railroad, and of course Bob Blake, the drummer who had dropped

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into Beth's town and also in love with her, saves the situation, and all ends happily. There is a great deal of humor of the "josh" sort, and a number of lines that cannot fail to elicit hearty mirth, but it is all broad and vigorous, without a delightful subtlety in the dialogue. To one who like his beef so rare it is wellnigh raw, "The Traveling Salesman" will offer huge entertainment.

#### Pastoral Play at the Burbank

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" at the Burbank this week exudes a pleasing pastoral atmosphere redolent with the quaint witticisms of the rural townspeople and unfolding a pretty romance, with subsidiary betrothals as interest-sustaining features. The play is a four-act rustic comedy, dramatized from Charles Felton Pidgin's novel of the same name. It is rather stereotyped in theme, but the lines are so natural, the situations so reasonable and the acting so devoid of theatricalism that the play as a whole is one of the best of its kind ever presented in Los Angeles. The plot evolves the romance of Quincy Adams Sawyer, a city chap, and Alice Pettingill, a blind girl, who eventually recovers her sight. Sawyer,



CHARLES RUGGLES, BURBANK

who comes from an aristocratic pilgrim-father lineage, visits the little New England community, where he meets the blind girl. He provokes considerable comment in the quiet country town, and takes an active hand in the political and personal affairs of the people. The cast is a long and carefully selected one, and honors are necessarily well divided. Byron Beasley as the name character gives an excellent delineation, with one exception, when, after a momentary meeting with Alice Pettingill, he offers a baldly theatric demonstration of his suddenly aroused heart-interest. Marjorie Rambeau's Alice Pettingill is appealingly winsome, the simple role being quietly invested by her with a strong and pervading personality. Charles Ruggles distinguishes himself in the part of Hiram Maxwell, Zeke Pettin-gill's hired boy. His interpretation of the character gives no opportunity for adverse criticism, it is entirely satisfactory. Two other roles stand out prominently in the cast, that of Louise Royce's Mrs. Hepsibah Putnam being rather revoltingly materialistic, while Fanny Yantis' portrayal of Samantha Green, Mrs. Putnam's hired girl, is one of the best bits of the play. Hazel Buckham does exceptionally well for a newcomer to the stage, but at times, especially in her love scenes, lapses to a self-consciousness that carries a recitative tone to her lines. Others in the cast materially assist in making the production a noteworthy success.

#### "The Campus," at the Grand

In "college English," Walter De Leon has "put one over the home plate" with his musical comedy, "The Campus," which is being produced at the Grand Opera House. There is a real plot, melodramatic, but none the less interesting. It tells of Bobby Short, varsity yell leader, and general good fellow, who writes a junior farce for the annual contest. He stands the best chance of winning, but is almost undone by the underhanded efforts of

Tony Selden, his rival, who, in order to get his own farce accepted, weaves a plot to make the university believe that Bobby has bribed the committee. His treachery is frustrated by Bismark, a Teutonic janitor, and Bobby emerges triumphant. Perhaps there is an overabundance of plot in one or two instances, and on several occasions the comedy has been "dragged in by the hair"—witness the conversation of President Sutton and Bismark regarding the evil effects of whisky. But there is far more to praise than to criticize in Mr. De Leon's maiden effort. His lyrics are of a good class, and his music is tuneful. His "How-de-do" song with "Muggins" Davies is perhaps the catchiest of all, although every one has merit. "The Lily and the Rose," the "Pipe and Stein Song," "I Leave It to You" and "On the Old Gym Steps" all appeal to popular fancy. Walter De Leon plays Bobby with his whole heart and is happily eschewing the Cohanesque mannerisms he has been affecting of late. It is a close race between him and Bob Leonard, who makes "Fat Tellman" a puppy-like youngster of animal spirits. De Leon has not quite found himself in his drawing of the character of Bismark, played in his best style by Ferris Hartman. This kindly old janitor, formerly a Heidelberg professor exiled from his own country for lese majeste, is a character that can be expanded with telling effect. It is too good to be crowded into the background. The Nellie Perkins of "Muggins" Davies is a delightful creation, a winsome picture of girlhood. Myrtle Dingwall is decidedly fetching in her part of Kate Selden, and her rendition of "The Lily and the Rose" is one of the best features of the performance. Her scenes with Robert Leonard, in which Kate's soul cries out for romance, are admirably evolved. Josie Hart is statuesquely beautiful as the college widow, whose gowns thrill her feminine admirers with ecstasy. And of course the famous Hartman chorus comes up to all requirements and twinkles its toes with effective abandon throughout the comedy. It is more than an everyday feat for a young man to write the book, the lyrics and the music of a comedy, stage it, direct it and play the leading role, and it is an extraordinary thing for the entire affair to reach the excellence attained by Walter De Leon.

#### Novelties at the Orpheum

Marvelous Griffith, "The Human Adding Machine," heads the Orpheum bill this week and the ease with which he mentally computes mammoth sums in addition, subtraction and multiplication, even to telling by mathematical calculation how many children any of the audience has at home, is dizzily mystifying and awe-inspiring. It recalls one of "Bob" Burdette's early stories of the boy prodigy whose mental calculation of difficult problems was so astounding that a committee of learned mathematical experts met to examine the lad. Scarcely could they propound the problem before the boy shouted forth the answer. With awe the committeemen left the house. "Wonderful, wonderful!" they commented. Then one of the number asked, "Did any of you think to note if the boy gave the right answers?" and there was a negative shake of each learned head. No reflections on the Marvelous Griffith, for his attendant carefully figured out the problems for the benefit of the audience, and as no one applied for the \$50 offered for the discovery of an error, the answers must have been correct. As scientifically funny as the bill topper is scientifically wonderful are James F. Cook and John Lorenz, who cater to the risibles of the audience. It isn't what they do, but the way they do it that makes for their success. They get a gale of laughter at the start and finish their act with a cyclone of mirth as their appreciative encore. Sheda, the Polish violinist, presenting "Paganini's Ghost," entertains with several exquisitely rendered selections by the famous composer. Quigley Brothers are the weak spots in the bill. They give an original singing and dancing act which fails to catch on. Holdovers are William Farnum and his company in "The Mallet's Masterpiece," the Meredith Sisters in their arctic song act, Radiant Radie Furman, and the Duffin-Redcay acrobatic troupe.

#### Varied Attractions at the Los Angeles

Little Bud Heim is by all means the star of this week's bill at the Los An-

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### POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

Special popular price matinee Wednesday, 50c, 75c, \$1.

Note---After the matinee performance Wednesday all children will be invited to come on the stage and play and romp with "Polly," and ride the circus horses and trick Shetland ponies.

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"The Chalk Line"  
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Marvelous Wirewalkers  
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Marvelous Griffith  
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geles Theater. He is a precocious youngster of tender years, who is endowed with a natural gift of funmaking, and who has a high childish voice well suited to popular airs. It is a pity that his manager does not tone down his parodies, and eliminate an unnecessarily suggestive part of his patter, which sounds doubly offensive from the lips of a boy. Another youngster of talent is Richard Cummings, Jr., who, with his father, offers an exceedingly melodramatic sketch of the lost child variety. The lad proves himself an actor, although he is handicapped by a part which forces him to recite ridiculously theatrical lines. An eccentric musician is Kretore, who gives a thin, reed-like rendition of "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" with great success on a quaint and unidentified instrument, and who brings down the house by his ragtime tunes played on a series of water-filled whisky flasks. McNamee, the sculptor, does a line of rapid-fire modeling in clay, with great success, and Johnson, Davenport & Lodella tumble madly about the stage, seemingly in an effort to break their bones and bruise their bodies. Besnah & Miller also are great favorites, the feminine portion of the team leaving her partner far behind. She is of the "coon-shouter" type, and although her comedy is exceedingly broad—or perhaps because of that fact—she is greeted with salvos of applause. The motion pictures provoke the usual round of merriment.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Frederic Thompson's big production of "Polly of the Circus," with Ida St. Leon in the leading role, will be seen at the Mason Opera House for a week's engagement, opening Monday evening, January 9. In the construction of this successful drama, Margaret Mayo went far from the beaten path of playwrights and achieved an original story of Polly, the little circus rider, who is transplanted from the big tent to the midst of a village in the middle west. Polly is injured by a fall from her horse and carried to the parsonage. Her recovery of health, under the supervision of the minister, forms the basis of a pretty love story. A lavish scenic production is entailed in the action of the play—the big circus scene being especially elaborate.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer," the pastoral drama, will be repeated at the Burbank for a week beginning with the matinee Sunday. Quincy Adams Sawyer is a young man from Boston, who settles down in a New England village, with about the same effect as putting a whale into a millpond. It is one of those neighborhoods in which everyone knows everyone else's private affairs, and the Boston youth is quickly entangled in the gossip. He knocks out the village bully, buys the village store, straightens out an awry village romance, outwits the village mischief-maker, and finally marries the village belle after he has had her blindness cured. Following "Quincy Adams Sawyer," Lee Arthur's delightful comedy, "The Fox," will be given its premiere. This is the play which Manager Morosco likes so well that he has bought the rights for the entire world, and will give Los Angeles the first view of the production which he will stage in New York next season.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes" will be played at the Belasco Theater next week by Lewis S. Stone and his associates of the Belasco-Blackwood organization. The play is no stranger to the Belasco clientele, having been seen there on a previous occasion. This week's revival will afford Eleanor Gordon a chance in her favorite part—that of Jinny Austin, the jealous wife. Mr. Stone has a part distinctly to his liking as Jack Austin, and Adele Farrington will have a typical Farrington role. Mr. Vivian, Mr. Yerance, Mr. Applebee, Mr. Giblyn, Mr. Bacon, Miss Sullivan and others of the company will be concerned in the production, while a number of specially engaged players will contribute to its success. The scenes of "The Girl With the Green Eyes" are located in Brooklyn and in Rome, Italy, the latter city and its points of interest affording a capital chance for the introduction of a crowd of Cook's tourists in charge of a cockney guide, whose descriptions of the Eternal City's shows places are inimitable.

Beginning Sunday night, "A Gentleman From Mississippi" will open a week's engagement at the Majestic

Theater. It is a comedy of Washington official and social life which Colonel Roosevelt has described as "perfectly corking, bully, a ripper!" It is the output of Harrison Rhodes, novelist and playwright, and Thomas A. Wise, the comedian. It tells of a new senator, who believes that every man who sits in congress is bent on serving his country. He tells his tale to young "Bud" Haines, who "covers" the news of the capitol for a great New York daily, and who laughs at the man of forty who has lived on a plantation and who thinks he can do patriotic work in the upper house. When Senator Langdon introduces "Bud" to his daughters, and offers the young man a position as secretary, the boy accepts and proceeds to teach the older man the game of national politics. One of the daughters aids in playing the game Bud's way, but her sister is antagonistic, to her father's grief, her own undoing and the dismay of young Bud. The special cast includes Robert Fischer, John Butler, John Arthur, W. H. Townsend, Emma Meffert, Leah Beard, Jane Otey, and a number of others.

Walter De Leon's "Rah! Rah!" musical comedy of college life, "The Campus," which Ferris Hartman and his company are playing at the Grand Opera House, will be continued another week in order to meet the big demand for seats. Since the first presentation of "The Campus," the sold-out sign has been hanging above the box office. The dozen or more song numbers have become popular favorites. Mr. De Leon is appearing to fine advantage as Bobby Short, and Ferris Hartman is contributing much of the fun of the piece as Bismark, the German janitor. Myrtle Dingwall, after a two week's absence, again is in the cast and is in splendid voice. The entire company is well cast, and the chorus adds life and color to the production in the novel dances arranged by Mr. De Leon. The second week positively will be the last of "The Campus," which will be followed by "Tantana."

Mystery, skill and mirth are features of the new Orpheum bill that opens with Monday matinee, January 9. Mr.



HYMACK. AT THE ORPHEUM

Hymack heads the list. He is an Englishman who calls himself the "chameleon comedian." He makes marvelous changes in his personal and sartorial appearance. In full view of his audience, and defies anyone to tell how it is done. The new sketch is by Una Clayton, and is presented by Harlan E. Knight and company. It treats of two old "grouches," who live in one room, divided by a chalk line, neither daring to infringe on the other's half. A girl enters into the scheme, and before long she smoothes out the unhappiness, and the line is obliterated.

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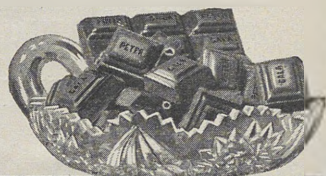
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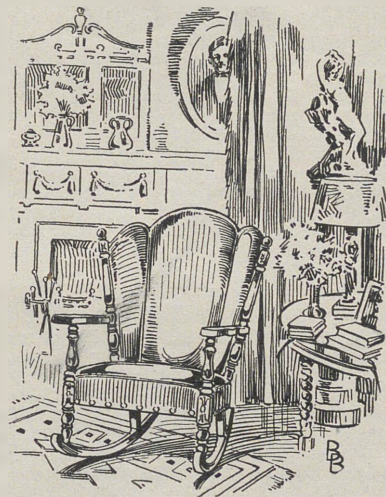
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The Four Vanis are experts on the tight wire, and the quartet, two boys and two girls, are said to be unexcelled in their special line. Lou Hall and Hilda Thomas have "The Substitute," a vehicle for foolery and fun. "Marvelous Griffith," Cook & Lorenz, Quigley Brothers, and Scheda are holdovers, and there will be new motion pictures. The Orpheum road show will be here January 23 and 30, and Alice Lloyd will join it here the latter date.

Another attractive vaudeville program numbering seven new acts will open at the Los Angeles Theater, Monday afternoon, headed by the well-known team, Frederick Hallen and

Molly Fuller, who are appearing in Fred J. Beaman's one-act comedy, "A Lesson at 11 p.m." Of second importance on the new bill are The Rials, two eccentric comedy acrobats recently imported from Europe. They combine comedy work with their gymnastic feats. Thomas Potter Dunn, the dialectical songster, will offer impersonations, parodies and good stories. Those "wholly different" ventriloquists, Alf Camm and Theira, together with "Chuck" in their offering, "Ventrolodrama," have an act which they promise will be altogether new. Others on the new bill will be Beatrice Turner, a singing comedienne and the Seven Zin-



gari Singers. Exclusive of these acts will be the new comedy motion pictures.

Friday afternoon, January 13, the Symphony Orchestra will offer its third concert, under the direction of Harley Hamilton. A Sinding symphony, a Goldmark overture, a Busch prologue, and the fact that Madame Gerville-Reache is to be the soloist should insure a crowded Auditorium. The program will be found on the music page.

#### Asides

Los Angeles will hear a new singer in the person of Madame Gerville-Reache, who will appear in recital at Simpson Auditorium, Tuesday evening, January 17, under the management of L. E. Behymer. She has a contralto voice of organ-like mellowness which brought her the united praise of press and public when she appeared with the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera companies.

Jefferson De Angellis in "The Beauty Spot," by Reginald DeKoven and Joseph Herbert, is announced as the attraction at the Majestic, beginning January 15. The success of Mr. De Angellis' latest vehicle is attested by its run of seven months at the Herald Square Theater, New York.

Following "Polly of the Circus" at the Mason Opera House, Charles Frohman will present the sensational music success of Europe and America, "The Dollar Princess." The company includes one hundred people, with an augmented orchestra of thirty.

Sir Edward Elgar's new violin concerto, which lately received its initial public performance, is reported to have created a profound impression. It was played by that king of violinists, Fritz Kreisler.

Felix Weingartner, who has resigned his post in Vienna, will take up his permanent residence in Italy, and in future devote himself to composition.

#### Group of Plays by Cumnock Students

Members of the senior class of the Cumnock School of Expression gave an interesting and entertaining group of plays Friday evening, January 6, with the dramatic and book sections of the Ebell Club and the dramatic section of the Friday Morning Club as special guests. The first play, "The Intruders," by Maeterlinck, was given in all its somber pathos. The grandfather, a potent part, being well played by Miss Louise Draper, the Misses Cora Glass, Caroline Abrams, Yelva Smith, Hazel LaCroix and Hazel Bly assisting. W. B. Yeats' "Cathleen Ni Houlihan," full of the superstition and patriotism of the Irish, was acceptably presented. Miss Ferris, as the poor old woman, lent the strain of minor to the production, while the other parts were well taken by the Misses Burtner, Merrill, Poppe and Howell. The third and last play was "The Raising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory. It was full of humor and subtlety and was well received. Participants were Misses Smith, Poppe, Abrams and Glass. Miss Willamene Wilkes directed the class.

#### At Mt. Washington

Mr. W. F. Low of Thatcher School was a guest at Hotel Mt. Washington during the tennis tournament.

Wednesday evening's dance at the Mt. Washington Hotel was enjoyed by a number of guests.

Mrs. G. A. Hill and Miss Olive Cary were guests of the hotel for several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hoover passed several days at Hotel Mt. Washington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lafferty entertained a party of friends at dinner at Hotel Mt. Washington Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Tancy entertained at a luncheon party Tuesday at Hotel Mt. Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harris and Miss Milligan were dinner guests at the Hotel Mt. Washington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Hatch and daughter, Miss Hatch, are late arrivals at the Mt. Washington.

Thirty members of the Ebell Club of Long Beach formed a luncheon party at the Hotel Mt. Washington Tuesday. They were "The Ramblers," and were seeing places of interest, having visited the homes of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, Mrs. Strobbridge and the Arts and Crafts Shop on Avenue Forty-two.

## Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

and Mrs. Clinton C. Clarke of Altadena for a reception and dance to be given Tuesday evening, January 17. The affair which is being given at the Valley Hunt Club will mark the formal introduction into society of Miss Elizabeth Childs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Shafer announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Annie Shafer to Mr. Otto Kircher, the wedding having taken place recently at the family home, 1234 Westlake avenue.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lenore Zinnamon, daughter of Mr. L. Zinnamon of the Lucas apartments, to Mr. Charles D. Ponedel. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. Don Carlton of Los Angeles, with Mrs. Carlton and a party of six, passed the week-end at the Virginia, Long Beach.

Mrs. Mary E. Abbott, one of the Hotel Virginia's oldest and most valued patrons, has returned "home" after a week of shopping and visiting in Los Angeles.

Mr. William T. Thatcher of the Thatcher School for Boys in the Ojai valley, passed the week-end at the Virginia, accompanied by Mr. F. T. Andrews, Jr., and Mr. R. H. Andrews of Chicago, and Mr. Mason Alcott of New York.

Mr. Carl Stanley, the genial manager of the Virginia, Long Beach, gave the guests of that hotel a royal treat New Year's day, not only in the dining room, where interest always centers on such an occasion, but also in the drawing rooms, where Madame Florence Doria, as a special favor to Mr. Stanley, consented to sing at the concert. She was applauded time and time again until an encore to each song had to be sung.

Among the recent arrivals from nearby cities who passed the New Year at the Virginia were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jones of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Allen of Redlands, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Lawrence of Los Angeles.

Mr. I. Lurie with Mrs. Lurie and their three children, accompanied by Dr. A. P. Linsman, Mrs. Lurie's brother, all of Seattle, expect to remain at the Virginia for several months.

Mr. George Wardman, who has been passing the holidays with relatives in Alhambra, has returned to the Virginia for the winter.

Mr. H. I. Kendall of Pasadena, who has been ill for some time, is a recent arrival at the Virginia, accompanied by his two nurses. He is convalescing rapidly.

New Year's eve at the Hotel Virginia was the scene of gay crowds. The large dining room was taxed to its capacity. Many persons prominent among the local society attended.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole passed the holidays at the Glenwood Inn at Riverside.

Mrs. J. F. Conroy of West Thirtieth street left recently for a month's visit to her old home in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. McCarthy of 2648 Raymond avenue passed the holidays in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Herbert Martin Bishop of 2627 South Hoover street has sent out invitations for an afternoon affair to be given at the Ebell Club, Saturday afternoon, January 14, in compliment to Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Jane Rollins and Miss Katherine Banning, four of the season's coterie of buds. The hour named is 3 o'clock, and guests will include the younger set.

Capt. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner of West Adams street have returned home from a two months' trip through the east.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ormsby of 732 Rampart street have been entertaining as their guest during the holidays, their nephew, Mr. Brue Bliven, who is a student at Stanford University. Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby also have as their house guest, their son-in-law, Mr. G. J. Consigny, Jr., of Emmetsburg, Iowa, who will remain through the winter.

Tuesday, January 24, is the date set for the marriage of Miss Rebecca Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.

## Statement of Condition of the

# EQUITABLE SAVINGS BANK

First and Spring Streets

JANUARY 1st, 1911

### ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate.....	\$1,713,009.46
Loans on Collateral.....	12,200.00
Bonds.....	204,520.06
Bank Premises	312,000.00
Real Estate ...	14,247.59
Safe Deposit Vaults .....	22,000.00
Cash .....	236,959.25
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>\$2,514,963.36</b>

### LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	82,691.39
Deposits.....	2,182,244.97
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$2,514,963.36</b>

No Public Funds or Deposits of Other Banks  
Interest on Savings Accounts Computed Monthly

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Frank P. Flint  
M. H. Newmark  
Joseph Scott

W. J. Washburn, President  
W. H. Booth, Vice President  
Ralph E. Dobbs, Cashier  
J. G. Carey, Assistant Cashier

J. O. Koepfli  
James Slauson  
F. Q. Story




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M. Howard of West Adams street, to Mr. William C. Hay of Portland, Ore. Miss Alva Will of Redlands has been chosen by Miss Howard as her maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Louise Taylor and Miss Helen Updegraff. Mr. Burpee Hay will serve his brother as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., and Mr. Louis B. Hay of Pittsburg, Pa. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Hugh K. Walker officiating.

Many Los Angelans enjoyed a week-end stay at the Arrowhead Hotel, Arrowhead Hot Springs, over New Year. Among the number registered from this city were Miss Julie E. Wilmot, Miss E. G. MacArthur, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Riddle, Miss Helen Mouton, Miss B. L. Palmer, Miss E. M. Whittredge, Miss F. L. Bemis, Mrs. W. R. Selby, Miss Julia Dodd, Miss May Bridges, Mrs. M. M. Huff, Mr. Raymond C. Gould, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Tasker, Mr. A. L. Nelson, Audrey Nelson, Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Phelps, Miss Phelps, Mr. Dryden Phelps, Miss Yoder, Mr. and Mrs.

James Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. Z. Briggs, Miss MacLeish, Mr. S. A. Briggs, Mr. F. R. Feithaus, Miss Mary E. LeVan, and Mrs. A. M. Clark and son, Mr. Harold James, Mr. Monro D. Montgomery, Mr. Arden L. Day, Mr. John B. Ernstrong, Mrs. Mattison B. Jones, Mrs. Norman Marsh, Mr. Victor Hecht, Mr. C. S. Young, Miss Cora B. Young, Mrs. A. S. Wilmans, Mr. J. H. Marks and Mr. Ben Easton.

Max Bruch, at the age of seventy-three, has composed a new violin concerto. It is said to be one of his best works, full of virility and dramatic fervor, and replete with melody and poetic beauty.



# Stocks & Bonds

There is considerable of a tricky undertow to the local securities market, and until this has been dispersed prices may not move upward, as had been hoped would prove the case with the new year. Financial conditions are sound, and the New York situation is healthier than it has been in a long time, yet, in spite of these facts, the future continues rather murky, so far as the local outlook is concerned.

Bonds appear to be picking up, in the face of the fact that several of the most popular issues were ex-dividend January 1. A few of the best-known of the bank stocks are in demand, at higher prices, due to increased dividends with the new year and because of the general theory that 1911 is certain to prove more alluring for this class of securities than was the year just ended.

In the better-known oils, Associated has been somewhat soft since the last report, with the stock having lost the better part of two points this week. It had been pretty generally predicted by experts here, as well as in San Francisco, that the shares would surge above 50 before this. That the market would be at that point or beyond at this time is certain but for the fact that the buying power in the stock is not any too anxious to absorb offerings, as had been expected. As a matter of fact, there is still much Associated in Southern California that must be acquired before the shares can be toyed with on the New York market, for melon-cutting purposes to insiders, as is likely to be done one of these days.

Union has risen to higher levels this week, but those in charge of the manipulation have found their task anything but a picnic. In fact, it is not so easy to lift the Stewart stocks as was the case before there were twenty-three million dollars' worth of this class of collateral loose in the market, as appears to be the situation at this time.

Mexican Common hit a toboggan this week, ex-dividend conditions having clipped more than two dollars a share from the stock. Thirty is being predicted for the issue at this writing, with Mexican Preferred acting mushy in sympathy. The Doheny Americans continue inactive and bloodless.

In the lesser oils, Central remains hitched around 183, with the price not a fixture unless the promised increase of dividend is forthcoming at an early day.

California Midway and Consolidated remain as unreliable riggers, along with Jade, and others not so well known. Consolidated will be a purchase one of these days, when it is proved beyond cavil that the company's big No. 1 well, which at one time flowed at the rate of 50,000 barrels of oil a day, is again performing. In the interim the stock may sell lower.

In the industrial list there is no real activity just now, although speculation in this class of securities may take on a more active hue at any time.

Money is much easier, but not yet all that could be desired. Funds for speculation bring as high as one per cent a month, with bankable collateral loans obtainable at six and seven per cent.

Tuesday of the coming week will occur the annual election of officers and directors of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange.

## Banks and Banking

Los Angeles banks made a steady and gratifying growth in business in the year just closed, and the dividends and interest poured from their coffers are significant of the progress of the city generally. The total disbursements of the banks last year aggregate \$2,725,143, of which \$1,356,000 was paid in dividends to stockholders and \$1,369,143 in interest to depositors. The Security Savings Bank led in payment of interest, having a total disbursement

to depositors of \$832,500, and the German American Savings was an easy second with \$410,000. The Central National increased its dividend rate from 8 to 12 per cent annually, and the Farmers and Merchants National from 12 to 15 per cent. At the same time, the First National Bank increased its capital stock from \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000, and that of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank was increased in the same way. Other features of the bank year was the building of the new Federal Bank structure, which is considered one of the finest banking houses in the west. Total dividends paid to stockholders and interest to depositors of the Los Angeles banks in the year are as follows:

Bank	Dividends	Interest
American Savings	\$ 24,000	\$ 27,000
Bank of San Pedro	7,500	5,468
Bank of So. California	20,000	18,000
Broadway Bank & T. Co.	20,000	35,000
California Savings	18,000	120,000
Central National	36,000	2,000
Citizens National	120,000	2,500
Citizens Sav., Hollywood	2,000	8,000
Citizens Sav., San Pedro	5,000	11,250
Commercial National	12,000	225,000
Equitable	11,250	1,750
Farmers & Merchants Nat.	225,000	4,665
Federal	1,750	315,000
First National	315,000	2,000
First National, Hollywood	2,000	1,000
First National, San Pedro	4,000	2,250
First National, Wilmington	2,250	140,000
German American Savings	140,000	12,000
Globe Savings	12,000	1,500
Harbor City Savings	1,500	2,000
Hollywood National	2,000	24,000
Hollywood Savings	2,000	12,000
Home Savings	24,000	170,000
International Savings	12,000	2,100
L. A. Trust & Savings	170,000	15,000
L. A. Hibernian	2,100	48,000
Merchants Bank & T. Co.	15,000	50,000
Merchants National	48,000	12,000
Nat. Bank of California	50,000	150,000
Nat. Bank of Commerce	12,000	70,000
Security Savings	150,000	5,000
Southern Trust	70,000	8,000
State Bank of San Pedro	5,000	6,000
Traders	6,000	12,000
United States National	12,000	

Chicago banks report low deposits and a correspondingly slow demand from mercantile sources. Because, largely, of this slack demand, and also the comparatively small speculative call for funds, the turn of the year, it is conceded, should witness a further easing in money rates, reports the Post of that city. Furthermore, \$225,000,000 paid out in the form of interest and dividend disbursements adding to the loanable funds should be an additional factor toward ease. Every indication now points to low rates in January and February. After March 1, with the usual demand for paying off farm mortgage loans, there probably will be a tendency to stiffer levels, and it is expected also that there should be in 1911 considerable improvement in the mercantile demand for funds. One of the significant features of the present situation is the low ebb to which stocks have fallen, merchants having allowed their shelves to become almost bare and there being little if any oversupply. Beyond March, it is difficult to gauge the course of money.

Comptroller Murray, in a revised statement, says the aggregate number of depositors in banks of all kinds June 30, were 27,979,542, or an average of more than 1,400 depositors to each bank. In geographical divisions, the largest number of savings depositors is reported in the eastern states, namely, 6,200,140; the middle western states, 4,186,310; New England states, 3,730,589; southern states, 1,024,246; the Pacific states, 897,634; western states, 333,411, and island possessions, 26,834. Combining the number of savings depositors with all others, exclusive of banks, New York state leads with an aggregate of 4,529,345 depositors, followed by Pennsylvania with 2,812,967; Massachusetts, 2,440,715; Ohio, 1,646,353; Illinois, 1,546,863, and New Jersey, 1,017,791.

By taking over all the assets and liabilities of the United Empire Bank of Toronto, the Union Bank of Canada moves up toward the front rank of Ca-

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nadian banks. Its head office is at Quebec and it has more than 200 branches scattered over Canada from Halifax to Prince Rupert. The merger as approved by the boards will be submitted to the United Empire's shareholders at a special meeting in a few days. The United Empire Bank has about twenty branches. The Union has \$4,000,000 capital and \$2,400,000 reserve, and the United Empire has \$559,500 capital. The deposits of the two are about \$36,000,000.

In the last year Chicago has made great strides forward as a banking center, notes the Evening Post. The banking power of the associated banks of that city now reaches \$847,378,000, while the territory tributary has a banking power of upward of \$3,000,000,000. Chicago deposits, not including those in private banking houses, aggregate more than \$500,000,000, of which approximately \$200,000,000 are savings accounts. Her banks hold \$189,263,000 in cash means. She has the second largest bank in America.

In its monthly circular for January, 1911, the National City Bank of New York says that it is estimated that the gold production of the mines of the United States for the calendar year 1910 will approximate between \$96,000,000 and \$98,000,000, as against \$100,000,000 for the calendar year 1909. The silver production is estimated to be about the same as for the calendar year 1909, namely 54,000,000 fine ounces.

Chicago bank clearings for 1910, despite the slowing-down tendency in general trade and the quiet speculative markets, show an increase over 1909. This is more significant when it is recalled that in the year several banks were merged, naturally reducing exchanges between banks. The total clearings showed an increase of \$157,846,373, compared with 1909, the aggregate being \$13,939,689,984.

Local banks are holding their annual meetings for the election of directors and officers and the transaction of such business as would properly come before the meeting. The First National and the United States National banks will hold their meetings January 10, at 10 a.m. The meeting of the Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank will be held the afternoon of January 17.

Articles of incorporation have been signed for the bank at Hynes, which is to be called the First National. Directors of the institution are A. McCovey, B. L. Coke, C. R. Jennings and H. S. Harrington. A home for the bank will be erected in the near future.

W. C. Durgin, president of the Park Bank; W. G. Tanner and J. W. Kays have taken over the stock interests of William Mead in the bank.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

Total interest and dividend disbursements for January, 1911, are estimated by the Wall Street Journal to exceed \$211,000,000. The interest payments amount to \$145,870,700; divided as follows: Railroads, \$94,237,787; industrials and miscellaneous, \$13,932,235; electric railways, \$15,509,480; New York city alone, \$1,325,000; all other cities, counties and states of the United States, \$17,635,025; United States government bonds, \$3,231,250. The dividend disbursements will exceed \$67,000,000, made up as follows: Railroads,

\$32,310,965; industrials and miscellaneous, \$29,117,419; electric railways, \$5,244,339. The estimate of interest payments is based upon \$4,291,074,000 railroad bonds, \$541,141,000 industrial and miscellaneous bonds, \$646,884,000 street railway bonds, \$860,022,000 city bonds (exclusive of New York city) and \$646,250,000 United States government bonds, which are outstanding, upon which interest is payable in January.

Great Britain is still the world's banker. The London Economist's annual statement of new capital applications shows an active increase in financing foreign enterprises by British capital. In all, £115,000,000 was invested in foreign countries last year, which is £32,000,000 more than the year previous, and £26,000,000 more than in 1908, which heretofore has held the high record in total capital flotations on the British market. The total capital applications for 1910 easily establish a new record. They aggregate £267,439,100, or an increase of £85,000,000 over 1909 and of £75,000,000 over the heretofore high water mark of 1908. The rubber craze is responsible for less than £19,000,000 of this year's large increase. The spectacular flotations have been from foreign countries and British possessions.

Members of the high school board of the National high school district of National City, have asked the board of supervisors to withdraw from the market and to cancel the twenty-five bonds of the said high school district, issued in May, in the amount of \$25,000. The petition of the school board will be heard January 9.

Pasadenans are about equally divided in reference to the proposed park bond issue. One-half wants a bond election to buy Carmelita and Monk's Hill brought to an issue as soon as possible, and the other faction wants action delayed until after the municipal election.

Bonds of the Wentworth Hotel Company were sold recently by W. R. Staats Co. to the Oak Knoll Co. for \$25,000. The bonds have a par value of \$75,000.

## Collapse of the Cement Trust

Apparently, the cement trust has been shattered beyond all recognition. The agreement which holds it together will not expire until February 1 next, but the members will not wait until that date to begin a war of prices, which promises to be bitter in the extreme, announces the Chicago Record-Herald, January 2 the price of cement, none too high, considering the cost of production, dropped 10c a barrel through the increase in the rebate allowance on returned bags from 7½c each to 10c and an increase in the allowance on returned barrels from 30c to 40c. This result was decided upon after two conferences, one held about the middle of December and the other held last week in New York, at which was demonstrated the impossibility of the renewals of the present agreement on satisfactory terms. The cement trust, which has been known as the Association of Licensed Cement Manufacturers, has had a stormy existence of two years, owing to the carelessness with which various companies in the agreement, representing a total capitalization of \$200,000,000, have regarded their obligations.